JOHN BULL, JANUARY 6, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1751.

GIANT PENSION for a "BULLET"

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

BOVRIL

puts BEEF into you

TWO "PHOENIX" GLASS OVENWARE PIE-DISHES FREE!

A reduced illustration of the TWO Pie-Dishes, capacity one and a quarter pints. Actual size: 9¼ in. by 6¾ in. by 2 in.

The most amazing GIFT ever made for the HOME

A wonderful opportunity for readers of "John Bull"!

HERE'S the most thrilling and practical Gift ever made to the home by any journal!—Something that every "John Bull" housewife has long wanted!—Something beautiful, endlessly useful, indispensable to every home. "WOMAN," Britain's greatest journal for women, invites you, if you are *not* already a reader, to accept a GIFT of TWO SUPERB PIE-DISHES made of genuine, Gleaming All-British "Phoenix" Glass Ovenware—FREE FOR YOU if you apply AT ONCE! Supplies of this splendid gift are strictly limited. All applications will be treated in strict rotation. Don't miss this unique chance! Post Forms below immediately.

"PHOENIX"—a name that is world-famous! These lovely PIE-DISHES are the last word in smart appearance, labour-saving convenience and cooking luxury and economy. Beautifully proportioned, they have a flawless, hygienic surface that is crystal-clear—and stays clear. Each is made from the wonderful all-British "Phoenix" heat-retaining Ovenware Glass.

Every dish carries a written guarantee for twelve months against oven breakage through heat, and is good for a LIFETIME of splendid service. Actual size of each dish 9¼ in. by 6¾in. by 2 in. Capacity of each: 1¼ PINTS.

Think of the tasty, delicious meals you can prepare using these delightful dishes. Not only can they be used for all kinds of pies—but for milk puddings, custards, charlottes, vegetable dishes, fish, entrées, and no end of appetising meals. Food looks better and cooks better. All the nutriment and flavour is retained. You serve from the dishes you cook in! So easy to clean! No cracks or crevices to harbour food particles, dirt or grease. Easier washing-up—a little warm water and they're bright and gleaming in an instant.

All you are asked to do to secure these two beautiful Pie-Dishes is, AS A NEW READER, to give "WOMAN" a fair trial—commencing with the issue on sale Thursday, January 11.

This great offer is possible only because we know that once "John Bull" womenfolk see this thrilling Woman's Journal they'll want to continue as regular readers.

The pages of "WOMAN" are crammed with fascinating features, lavishly illustrated in brilliant colours. Exciting, up-to-date—every page is filled with wonderful fiction and new ideas on home-making, beauty, health, dress, cooking, sport, etc., etc. It's almost unbelievable value for only twopence!

DO THIS NOW!

Complete Reservation Form and Label and post at once. SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. On receipt you will be sent your Gift Voucher entitling you to qualify for your two Pie-Dishes.

TO QUALIFY, you are, as a new reader, asked to return the Gift Voucher, accompanied by sixteen Tokens cut from consecutive issues of "WOMAN." Tokens eligible are the Series "P" in the right-hand bottom corner inside the back cover of "WOMAN." Applicants from this announcement may commence with No. "P.49" from the issue out on January 11.

Together with your completed Voucher and Tokens you are also asked to send in the nominal sum of only 1/3 (one shilling and threepence), which includes insurance against breakage in transit, special packing in Glassware container and carriage right to your home, etc.

That is all. There is nothing more to pay or do, except to complete and hand to your newsagent the Order Form on the left for the regular supply of your copies of "WOMAN." THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT and must be done at once, otherwise you run the risk of missing the January 11 issue containing your first Token, and other issues containing your remaining Tokens. NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE GIFT SET OF PIE-DISHES.

URGENT! Remember, this offer is limited. Don't miss such a rare chance. Apply at once!

POST AT ONCE

HAND THE FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this Gift that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of copies of "WOMAN." Hand him the Form below TO-DAY.

B **"WOMAN"**
The National Home Weekly.
2d. Every Thursday.
ORDER FORM

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve a copy of "Woman" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....
.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE—Do not separate Reservation Form and Label

A **SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM**
TWO "PHOENIX" OVENWARE PIE-DISHES
FREE!

Applications will be treated in strict rotation.

RESERVATION FORM

Address envelope to "Woman" as shown below, and post to
"WOMAN," PIE-DISH GIFT DEPT., 2,
8, ARDE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2. (Publ.)

This reserves your Two "Phoenix" Ovenware Pie-Dishes.
In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name my Two "Phoenix" Ovenware Pie-Dishes, and send me my Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I undertake AS A NEW READER to give "Woman" a fair trial for sixteen weeks. I have placed an order with my Newsagent for the regular supply of copies of "Woman."

Your Reader's Signature .....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

Full Postal Address .....
.....

Date .....

Last day for receipt of Reservations Tuesday, January 16th, 1940.
This scheme applies only to persons residing in Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.
John Bull, 6/1/40.

The Label on the right MUST bear a Ha'penny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form and Label may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a ha'penny stamp.

A Ha'penny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....
.....
.....

W/J.B.

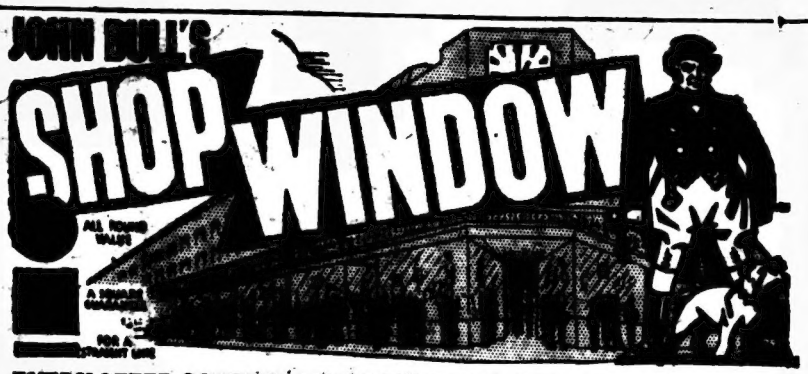
CARPET BARGAINS

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Pendrelite" Remnants of ALL STAINLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Dining, Drawing, Bedroom, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hard-wearing quality. Illus. Patterns in Catalogue post free. Supplied in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Browns, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, giving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders.

With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

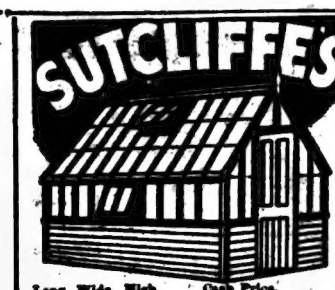
T. HODGSON & SONS (C.E.), Wembley Road, London.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 21

SUTCLIFFE'S



FROM 10/- MONTHLY.

Design T.L. GREENHOUSE

Six complete easy-fitting sections and staging, moulded weather board base, framed ventilators, half-glass door, mortice and tenon joints. Glass supplied, also paint for one coat after erection. Carriage paid.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£5 17 0
9ft.	6ft.	7 ft.	£7 1 0
12ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	£9 11 0
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	£10 10 0

Monthly Terms arranged (with reservation). Send Now for BIG, FREE CATALOGUE of GREENHOUSES, GARDEN SHEDS, POULTRY HOUSES, etc.

T. & M. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 21, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks.

IMPROVED FIRELIGHTER WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER

A REAL WAR-TIME ECONOMY

PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relaying fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match.

Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish.

2/-

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 288, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY. . Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

8/6 DOWN brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON

WRITE for ART LIST

w Dept. 12. 46/47, Newman St., London, E.C.1.

5 BLANKETS FOR 20/-

10/- BONUS FREE

AMAZING OFFER Heavy Woolly Blankets, White, Pink or Air Force Blue (state alternative colour). Full size, Blue Bordered, Warm and Enduring. All British. Five for £1, carr. paid. Or C.O.D. 9d. extra. 10/- Bonus. To advertise our Catalogue every purchaser will receive 10/- worth of goods entirely free, which they may select from our Catalogue of bedding, ladies' and gents' clothing, fancy goods, watches, clocks, etc.

DON'T MISS THIS GIGANTIC OPPORTUNITY.

5 Blankets and 10/- bonus for 20/- only, or 2 Blankets and 5/- bonus for 10/- only. Send Now. Money refunded if not satisfied.

LANCASHIRE PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.) 19, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Be as Young at 50 As You Were at 25

NEW LIFE, PEP, YOUTH OVERNIGHT FOR MEN PAST 40

Here's the greatest medical discovery of modern times—made by a group of Medical Institute doctors. A tonic especially made for men of 40, 50 or 60 who feel old or run-down, worn-out, exhausted, low in vitality. Contains raw oyster stimulants, invigorators for blood, nerves, glands, organs, special vitamins for vitality and youth. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, youth. For both sexes. Send P.O. for *only* 1/9 introductory price, for bottle *full strength* OYSTRAX Brand Tonic Tablets. Sent privately, post free. If not delighted with instant results, this *low price* refunded.

OYSTRAX, Ltd., Dept. B. 26, Took's Ct., Cursitor St., London, E.C.4

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for *you*. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "*Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out*," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE, Ltd. (Dept. B.6) 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

It will pay *You* to post this coupon

SIMPLY fill in your name and address on the coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. stamp, and we will send you free and without any obligation full particulars of how you can make from £2 up to £5 and more in just a few minutes of your spare time each week

Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy. Organise a "Worldwide" Club—the friendliest hobby in the world, and add pounds to your income. Post the coupon now!

To Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue & Booklet "Here's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name, M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

J.B.60 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required)

★

Associated Warehouses: J. D. WILLIAMS & Co., Ltd. Established 1875.

★

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES CHARLES ST MANCHESTER

REAR LIGHTS for CYCLES

Prov. Pat. No. 28657/39.

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY, BULB AND FIXING BRACKET 1/6 Post 3d.

Refill batteries 3d. each or 2/6 doz.

Ride in Safety.

Battery Illuminated Beacon Button Fits to the lapel and shows where you are. Can be fitted to dog's collar. Complete with battery and bulb. Price 3d., post 2d. Refill batteries 4d. each. Can be converted into a torch by fitting extra bulb, price 4d.

From all dealers or direct from Chiswick Engineering Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), 7 High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4 *Trade Enquiries Invited.*

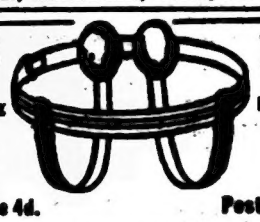
DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all Signals correctly. Don't run extra risks. Our new Silver De Luxe model non-battery smallest invisible earphone is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 29/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no batteries, no wires, no removals, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd. (Dept. B.5), 245, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube Station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit.

10/6 SINGLE Ex. Strong 15/- in Silk Elastic 17/6 — 15/6 DOUBLE Ex. Strong 22/6 in Silk Elastic 26/-



Postage 4d. Postage 4d.

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right, or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Supplied through Approved Societies.*

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B94), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

IF YOU HAVE—

a Son or a Nephew or Younger Brother

Get him to write for This FREE CATALOGUE

—the new MECCANO Catalogue, containing full details and illustrations of the complete range of MECCANO parts, with which he can build bridges, towers, cranes, aeroplanes, ships. There is always something new to make and something new to invent. Quite apart from the endless pleasure it gives, MECCANO provides real educational value among the young of all ages.

A copy of this Special Catalogue of Meccano Products can be secured post free by all readers, who write, mentioning "John Bull," to Meccano Ltd. (Dept. 37), Binns Road, Liverpool, 13.

A de luxe BEAUTY OUTFIT —FREE to Women Readers.

BY special arrangement, any woman reader of "John Bull" can obtain a De Luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood Creams (Rose for the evening, White for the day). It also contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon powder and six samples of latest Paris shades. Tokalon Skin foods will make the skin clear, fresh and firm and get rid of wrinkles. To get a Special Beauty Outfit simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422Z), Chase Road, London, N.W.10, enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage, packing and other incidental expenses.

When replying to advertisers' offers, readers should always address their communications clearly, giving name and full postal address, otherwise unavoidable delay and misdirection of goods or correspondence may result.

RETAILERS

INCREASE YOUR SALES by this PROVED METHOD

The War has made shopping and travelling difficult, and THOUSANDS OF ORDERS are now being sent through the post daily. Do you have your share of this EXTRA BUSINESS, or are your activities confined to local requirements only?

By advertising in "JOHN BULL'S" FAMOUS SHOP WINDOW your business can be extended Country-wide and enable you to reach out for trade on a NATIONAL SCALE. Why not make "JOHN BULL" your most active Salesman among the MILLIONS who read the announcements every week?

For particulars of rates and FREE service write on business letter-heading to:

Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "JOHN BULL," Room 29, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Master the Piano

I'll Teach You To Play Brilliantly

I do not say I may—I say positively that I WILL—if I accept you as my pupil. You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence and willingness. If a Beginner you quickly learn from **Ordinary Music** to play easily, **Dances, Songs, Hymns, and Gems from the great masters.** If already a Player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be **positively and literally transformed!** BY POST, crystal-clear Musicianly Training a child could follow. A teacher by your side always—not for **merely half an hour weekly.** If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—**you shall! Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods), enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I have enrolled more than 350 adult pupils during the War, have taught over 51,000 during 35 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU.**

Proof: Elementary, 40034, age 22 —"*I am most grateful to you for teaching me to play so well. I have always loved music but never dreamed of playing as I can now.*"

Send P.C. for FREE booklet, "**Mind, Muscle and Keyboard,**" and form for free advice. Say **Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.**

MR. H. BECKER, (British by Birth and Descent), (Dept. 681), 69, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4

ARE YOU FEELING 100% FIT! GOOD HEALTH IS WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

"Take care of your health by letting me take care of you."—says Mr. Shadforth

Don't overlook the Special Bonus Trial Offers with which you can Test Free the efficacy of some of the remedies.

Make GOOD HEALTH Your New Year Resolution!

SHADFORTH REMEDIES RELIEVE SUFFERING, KEEP YOU FIT and SAVE UNNECESSARY EXPENSE—ORDER THEM DIRECT—NOW!

GOOD health is everybody's birthright! Many people suffer needlessly from ailments which can be rectified quite easily. Take steps to safeguard your health! Be prepared! Whatever your ailment, there is a Shadforth Prescription which will help you along the road to health. Each remedy has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid and is guaranteed for purity, quality and efficacy. They are reasonably priced and will save you money. Act at once and send for those you need!

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME —THEY'LL BE HAPPIER TO FIND YOU FIT AND WELL

HEART TROUBLE

THIS TONIC WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE—AND IT IS THE FINEST POSSIBLE IN WINTRY WEATHER.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling. Prices: Trial Size 1/-; Other Sizes 1/9, 2/6 and 4/6.

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS" to:—

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.99), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

CHILBLAINS

Keep the body warm by exercise, friction and clothing. Don't live in hot rooms and get warm by going too near fires. Use any or all of the following—directions with each:—

(1) **Chilblain Ointment (No. 881)**, for unbroken Chilblains. Price 1/6.
(2) **Chilblain Tablets (No. 606K)**, for increasing the density of the blood Price 10d. (25), 1/4 (50).
(3) **Birch Tar Soap**, for washing and stimulating the skin. (No. 630.) Price 1/-.
(4) **Heart Tonic (No. 632)** for stimulating the circulation of the blood. Price 2/6 and 4/6.

The Shadforth Booklet on Chilblains (No. J.B.325) post free.

HEAD COLDS

CATARRHAL CONGESTIONS.

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price 1/6 (including pipette) and 3/- (including pipette and atomizer).

Prescription No. 1445XL.

The Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B.348) on this subject is supplied post free.

NEVERILL OLD SALTS

(Prescription 565K)

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your Tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.**

Prices, post free in airtight canisters, 2d., 6d. and 1/-.

Did Xmas Feasting Give You Pain?

ALWAYS EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

NO MORE GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the Shadforth Acidity Prescription (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort. Even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers yield to this treatment. This is the famous "White" prescription used by hospitals everywhere for stomach trouble. Ask for "White Lions," **Shadforth Prescription No. 1077.**

Trial size 9d. (24); other sizes 1/4 (72); 2/6 (144); 7/- (432).

Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 324) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free.

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send to readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 9d. to-day with this coupon asking for "WHITE LIONS" to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 99), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG

Lower your Blood Pressure and Take a Load Off Your Heart.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like-elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. Get it now. **Prescription No. 1106T.** Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.342) post free.

STOP COUGHING

YOU CAN OBTAIN PROMPT RELIEF WITH THE "SHADFORTH" CHEST AND LUNG TONIC.

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients. When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic. **Shadforth Prescription No. 617.**

Price 1/6 (makes 1 pint), 3/- (makes 2 pints).

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

Mr. Shadforth's Book on Coughs and Chest Troubles (No. J.B.203), post free on request.

PSORIASIS

Treat with:

(1) **Antiseptic (No. 1469)**, in tablet form to make bath. Price 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6.
(2) **Psoriasis Ointment (No. 659)**. A stimulating antiseptic. Price 1/9 and 4/-.
(3) Wash regularly until better with **Birch Tar Soap (No. 630)**. Price 1/-.
(4) Take Potassium internally for a few weeks in the form of **"Vi-Salts"** (the new potassium table salt). **Prescription No. 1250.** Price 9d. and 1/3.

"SHADPHOS" TONIC TABLETS.

There is nothing like them. They are not a "patent medicine." They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

Equally Good for Men, and all for a few shillings. Ask for "Shadphos" Tonic Tablets **(Prescription 470.)**

Prices: 1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Write for the Special Number of "Health News," dealing with Nerve Troubles (No. J.B.323) post free.

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER.

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If, after trying one, you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this coupon, asking for "SHADPHOS," to

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.99), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

BLADDER DISCOMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in **"SHADFORTERS."** (Shadforth brand Bladder Comforters.) They act like a charm. They are prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with this proved remedy. Trial size 1/6 (25). Large sizes 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100).

FREE!

BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If, after trying one, you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/6 to-day with this coupon, asking for "SHADFORTERS," to:—

MR. W. SHADFORTH, Ph.C., M.P.S., Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.99), 40, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

INFLUENZA

SCIATICA, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM.

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 223).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. **Prices 9d.** (10), 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets).

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 6, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

TWO-TRICK HITLER

WILL Hitler paint Germany Red? When will he be thrown overboard? Shrewdest statesmen in Europe agree that 1940 will be a decisive year.

Although prepared for the war to last longer than twelve months, they reckon that its course will be decided by what happens this Spring and early Summer, expect the Nazis to stage a big trick soon with an even bigger one to follow.

Stalin Fooled Him

FIRST dramatic trick will be intended to fool Stalin and the German workers.

It is now almost inevitable, because Hitler has been fooled by Stalin.

The Donkey Bait

HITLER banked on the support of an invincible Russian army and enormous supplies of Russian food and materials when he sent von Ribbentrop 'plane-haste to sign the Moscow Pact.

Little Finland has made the "invincible Red army" look like a bogged giant.

Hitler has been given only enough food and materials to whet his appetite, a donkey with a carrot held before his nose.

Pseudo-Communist

AS we've forecast previously, he will probably turn Germany into a pseudo-Communist State, hoping to gammon more economic help from Stalin and gammon his people that he means to look after his workers. Nazi Party may be "liquidated."

Neutral statesmen expect this to happen pretty soon.

Trick Number Two

NEXT they think he will attempt a gigantic bluff when he finds the war going badly. Trick Number Two will be intended to bluff the Allies.

It will be a German army uprising in which Hitler and his gang of Nazi autocrats will be swept from power.

The Allies will be asked to make peace with the New Germany.

Hitler would be behind it, ready to seize power again when the Allies had been lulled into a false complacency.

Second May be First

SOME observers think Trick Number Two may even come first, that the Allies would jump at the chance of negotiating with a still-intact Germany rather than wait until the country had been riven by Bolshevism.

Feeling is that we must be prepared for either of these two big moves.

Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay are prepared.

And they're not likely to be bluffed.

Welcome Rationing

FIRST official rationing starts on Monday. Butter, sugar, bacon and ham first. Meat follows.

No need for imported meat to be rationed at all, you may think. Argentine will sell us more meat than we want.

Trouble is that we can't spare the shipping needed for such traffic.

Welcome rationing. See how our amounts compare with those in other war countries.

What France Does

PORK is permitted only on Monday in France; beef is prohibited on Tuesday, no butcher's meat of any sort is sold on Friday.

These measures, designed to prevent shortage, are not due to a present lack.

Officials don't pretend that France has food abundance, but affirm that belts will not have to be drawn tightly even if the war lasts for longer than is anticipated.

Nazis Not Starving

RATIONING is rigorous in Germany. But Germans are not starving. Such rumours are designed to make us think we needn't exert all our efforts to win.

Nazis have about nine months' supplies; must economise on every kind of foodstuff.

Typical rations are: quarter-pound of butter, half-pound of sugar, quarter-pound of cheese, quarter-pound of margarine a week.

For Children Only

POUND of meat a month is allowed, but only sausage meat is obtainable.

Milk is for children only. Adults must use skimmed milk.

Bacon is rarely to be had. Only one egg a week!

Her Clothing Coupons

A GERMAN woman is allowed 100 clothing coupons a year. Pair of stockings costs four coupons, costume accounts for forty-five, a yard of material costs eighteen.

She can save her coupons, yet can't spend them all at once if she finds her wardrobe empty.

Only ten may be spent in the eight weeks of January and February.

Causing Complaints

BY contrast, British economy is comfortable, thank you. But not in the direction of electricity and gas.

No rationing yet of either, but both are costing more and causing dissatisfaction among poorer sections of the community.

Coal is dearer.

Evacuation has reduced gas and electricity sales in many districts. Smaller electricity output means higher costs.

Critics' Retort

THAT'S the companies' case. Critics retort that smaller gas output does not increase the cost, but reduces it.

Prices have not gone down in reception areas, where more supplies are being used.

And the Figures . . .

CENTRAL Electricity Board, in the last reported year, had a gross surplus of £45,950,000, or 7½ per cent. of its capital. Gas industry makes gross profit of about £12,000,000 a year.

We believe that profits should be reduced rather than the little man be made to pay every time and all the time.

Their Redress

COAL registration has produced a difficulty that is also causing protests. Readers complain that whereas coalmen called regularly before the war they are now calling when it pleases them, sure of their orders.

Consequently, many households are left without coal for days.

Such people should complain to local fuel controller. His address can be found at any town hall or post office.

Greedy Landladies

"TAKE it or leave it" attitude is also adopted by many landladies in reception areas. Four young Civil Servants are charged 10s. each for sharing a room, three others have to pay 12s. each for sharing an attic.

That's hard on girls earning only 30s. or 35s. a week. Yet it's still harder that some of the folk left safely at home are displaying petty greed when men are dying to save their country.

(Continued overleaf.)

FACE 1940 WITH CONFIDENCE!

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

POLICY Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

See Page 25

Behind the NEWS

BIG profits are being made from pooled commodities. Not by wholesale firms, but by the Government. That will stop taxes from increasing. The excess is helping to pay for the war.

*

Behind bare announcement of Sir John Simon's visit to Paris is the signing of the "closest agreement in history," as it is described by French experts. It will mean complete pooling of all war resources of the two countries, something never quite accomplished even in the last war.

*

Production of aircraft is now so great, our losses so small, that R.A.F. is wondering what to do with new machines. Ingenious new method of storage is now being tried.

*

No secret that Britain and France are helping Finland. Not only because Finland deserves every assistance we can give, but also because it's now definite that if Finland is overrun all Scandinavia will be menaced.

*

This confirms JOHN BULL's prediction, but it is less likely now that our prophecy of big Russian moves towards the Balkans will come off. Diffident show of Soviet troops in Finland has persuaded Moscow to go slow in other directions.

*

New aero engine will give speed of 400 miles an hour to U.S.A. fighter 'planes. But it's not true they will be the fastest —R.A.F. has even speedier machines.

*

Big new round-up of spies in France is likely. After this police reckon to have all suspects under lock and key.

*

Rumania will be even more pro-British in future. That is the explanation of Germany's failure to get the 100 per cent. trade agreement with that country.

*

Calling of Cabinet meeting by Mussolini in three weeks time is expected by diplomats to be connected with new peace "offensive" by Hitler, coupled with big military action to blackmail us into listening! Same mixture as before, in other words.

*

Fresh rumours in London last week that Germany and Allies would join soon in common crusade against Russia have been traced to Berlin, seem to have originated not in Goebbels' brain but in a casual remark of von Ribbentrop to the Fuehrer. Nazi diplomats were instructed to tell neutrals that Berlin would welcome such a crusade. Purpose can be imagined by anyone.

Continued from previous page

LESS remarked is a change in rural habits caused by the black-out.

Before radio came, people in small towns and villages went early to bed. Radio and cinemas tempted them to stay up later.

Now the black-out has made them change back to early nights except when some big news, such as the *Graf Spee* sinking, tempts them to listen to late radio bulletins.

Medical Board Trouble

ARMY Medical Boards are still under fire. So are we. Some readers question our statement that every recruit must be examined by a panel of three to five doctors.

They say they saw only one doctor when they were called up.

That is against regulations and should be brought to the attention of the War Office.

Graver complaints still reach us of sick men being passed as fit. We hope to have such complaints mentioned in Parliament.

Fat Boy's Misery

AT the age of seven, a boy had a thyroid operation, has ever since had to take two pills daily to keep him healthy.

Now twenty-one, he was called up recently, passed as fit. Not being given the pills, he became terribly fat in a few weeks, unwell, and felt himself a laughing-stock.

Perhaps just in time, he has now obtained the necessary gland extract, but is still without a necessary surgical appliance.

Sounds All Wrong

ANOTHER man with a medical history, passed as fit, was sent over to France, collapsed after a few days and spent seven weeks in hospital.

He was invalided back, had six weeks in hospital here, yet has now been detailed for general service.

It sounds wrong to us, Mr. Hore-Belisha.

Must Prove It

CANADIAN troops, greeted with such acclamation on their arrival, now feel themselves marooned and neglected.

Hospitality and entertainment must be organised for them, and for the other Dominion troops still arriving. We must prove by action as well as words that the Empire is united (as A. G. Gardiner says on page 7) in a common determination to build a better world.

Mr. Hore-Belisha must examine the Army Medical Boards!

Short of Masks

STRANGE stories reach us, also, of units being short of gas masks, although British firms have sent 60,000 respirators to Finland.

Here's a touch of comedy.

Despite all efforts to keep secret the whereabouts of certain units in Britain, the postmark on the men's Christmas cards gave the game away!

For Mr. Brown . . .

HERE'S a suggestion for Mr. Ernest Brown, our Minister of Labour.

Why not use some of the millions lying idle in the "dole" funds to provide free travel for workless men who live miles away from the employment exchange?

Bus fares make a big hole in the little they get to provide food for wife and children.

He Must Intervene

NEXT, a hint to the Prime Minister himself.

Struggle between Army and Air Force chiefs is coming into the open, newspapers are running long articles for and against the creation of a separate air arm for the Army.

We can't afford such divided counsels. Mr. Chamberlain should intervene and settle the matter for good.

Palm-Greasing ?

LESS important, but disquieting, is that military tailors sometimes know when a man has received a commission before he knows it himself.

There's a leakage, and more than a suspicion of palm-greasing.

Call of the Sea

THE Prince of Wales Hostel wants to train twenty more boys for the Merchant Navy.

If you have a sea-minded son of 14½ to 16, of good physique, here's a fine chance for him.

Revealing the Trouble

ACROSS in Naziland, soldiers at the front have been ordered to use non-committal phrases only when writing home.

Can it be that their letters have been too miserable in the past?

Down-in-the-Mouth

NAZI Ministers are certainly down-in-the-mouth. Germany imported most of her copper from Finland, and the war there is holding up supplies.

Her only other source of this vital war material is Yugoslavia, who isn't too keen on increasing her trade with Germany.

Brutality as Usual

NAZI S.S. men are demonstrating usual brutality in evicting Poles from the "Corridor" to make room for Baltic German settlers.

No exceptions are made for age or sickness. Even mothers with young babies are given only a few minutes' notice to leave their homes.

Most of the victims have to leave all their possessions behind.

You Must HURRY!

READERS have been quick to take advantage of the special extension of JOHN BULL's great Gift Offer, announced last week.

If you have not applied for your gift, act immediately. JOHN BULL is eager that no reader should miss securing a superb British-made Writing Set. But the offer must close shortly.

Turn to page 23.

The Empire is a League of Nations bound together by the Gospel of Freedom

SOMETHING HITLER HASN'T GOT!

"Such unity in aim and in effort has never been seen in the world before"
—H. M. the King

By A. G. GARDINER

"THY father has sent his son to me: I'll send my sons to him," sang Kipling, forty years ago. And once more "the sons" are coming.

No portent of the war is more impressive, more pregnant with the assurance of victory, than the response of the great self-governing Dominions to the call of the Motherland.

It has been instant, unanimous, spontaneous.

Already it has borne fruit in every field of action, on the sea, in the air and on land, and in each case what has been done is the promise of vast reserves to follow.

The arrival of the first fully-equipped squadron of the Australian Air Force is the latest demonstration of the solidarity of the British Commonwealth.

The most sensational incident of the war, the victory of the River Plate, was largely due to the New Zealand *Achilles*, manned partly by a New Zealand crew.

An Australian contingent of the R.A.F. has already been in action in France, and the attacks on the German coast have been carried out by squadrons that included volunteers from all the Dominions.

The first instalment of Canada's expeditionary force is already at Aldershot on its way to the front, and the Australian expeditionary force will follow fast.

And the first proud contingent of Indian troops is already in France.

IMPORTANT IN ALL THE THEATRES OF WAR, IT IS IN THE AIR THAT THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE DOMINIONS WILL BE MOST SPECTACULAR AND, SHOULD THE WAR BE PROLONGED, THE MOST DECISIVE.

The scheme for the manufacture of planes and the training of pilots overseas is one of the most heroic enterprises in the history of war.

Nor must we forget the part which South Africa is playing in the great drama.

Under the leadership of that great statesman and soldier, General Smuts, the key position of the Cape is secure against attack, and at the first impact of the war all the German conspiracies throughout South Africa were frustrated.

MOBILISATION of the Empire is the most impressive event of the war.

In his insane dream of making himself the dictator, not merely of Europe, but of the world, Hitler was sustained by two illusions.

One was that the two great democracies were extinct volcanoes. They were dead and doomed, and, passing from surrender to surrender, would fall finally under the sway of his conquering hosts.

The other illusion was that the British Commonwealth of Nations was a moth-eaten structure that would collapse at his challenge.

It was not a new-born illusion. It prevailed before the last war, and it might have been supposed that the experience then had been such as to disabuse the German mind of its validity.

But it didn't.

Hitler was convinced in spite of that experience, that the British system was rotten ripe for destruction, and that the failure of 1914-18 was due to the Jews and the other evil influences in Germany which gave the Allies the victory, and so saved our decrepit Commonwealth.

There should be no such blunder next time.

For six years his vast machine of propaganda and intrigue had been preparing for the conflagration which was to have as its consummation a spectacular flare-up of the British Empire.

Everywhere his agents were at work preparing for the great day of retribution. South Africa, India, Palestine, Irak, Arabia, swarmed with his plots and resounded to the slanderous broadcasts of Goebbels.

He bilked his creditors, but spent millions on his spies and in bribing newspapers in South America and wherever they were bribable, even in France.

ALL this was done with the one aim of discrediting the British system and weakening it in readiness for the day of judgment.

And behold! when the day of judgment comes the British Commonwealth of Nations is discovered to be not a moth-eaten structure ready to crumble to dust at the trumpet-tongued challenge of ex-Corporal Hitler.

It is discovered to be the most vital thing in this disordered world—something faced in all its parts with a flame of the spirit that leaps from New Zealand to Australia, and from Australia to South Africa, and from South Africa to Canada.

That flame touches the islands of the utmost seas, and at its summons all the discontents that have so misled our enemies are silenced as if in the presence of an overshadowing peril.

Palestine ceases to be a menace, and the Arab world, faced with the choice between a victorious Germany and victorious Britain, turns from the malignities of Goebbels and declares its sympathies with our derelict Empire.

In a word, the British system is discovered in this time of extreme peril to be a community of nations more spiritually woven into a unit of mind and purpose than any other Empire.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS BOUND TOGETHER BY A SINGLE GOSPEL—THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.

By this time Hitler must have begun to realise the enormity of his miscalculation about the British system.

BUT behind the material factor is something much greater. It is the moral power latent and symbolised by this uprising of the British Commonwealth.

It is this revelation which makes this country and its confederate nations the spearhead of the struggle for world sovereignty, and which assures the issue of the struggle.

Stripped to the core, this war is a clash between two ideas of sovereignty, two conceptions of human governance.

On the one side is Hitler's idea: the subjection of humanity to a tyrannic rule of force, a conquering nation, enslaved itself to the will of an insane superman and disciplined and dragooned to enslave all others to be its hewers of wood and drawers of water.

It is an idea from which every value that makes human life worth living—freedom, justice, the kindly social virtues, the gracious Christian charities—is ruthlessly banished and "the blonde beast" of Nietzsche's nightmare fancy, with his will to Power, presides over the dumb and driven herd of men.

Against this reversion to the law and life of the jungle is opposed the idea of personal liberty, free institutions, social justice, the reign of law and the fellowship of nations.

Of that idea the British Commonwealth of Nations has been the torchbearer The torch has sometimes flamed a little smokily, and Goebbels knows all the blots on our copybook.

But taken in the large there is no parallel in history to the contribution this country has made to the cause of human freedom and the civilised government of mankind.

It is that cause which is at stake to-day.

And the instancy with which the great confederacy of free nations which we call the British Empire has leapt to the defence of the liberties of the world is the indisputable assurance of victory.

"HOMESPUN GLORY"

By "J.M."

IT'S the same old Homespun Glory which our people ever weave, it's made from scraps of homeliness and the Faith which we believe. It's made from acts of duty and the will to try again, and it Lights the World with something fine because it's clean and plain.

IT'S the same old Homespun Glory for which we are renowned, that makes us touch the stars yet keep our feet upon the ground, when we render human services selfless and undisplayed, it's this humble warp and woof from which our heroes are ever made.

IT'S the same old Homespun Glory that makes us smile and sing, and laugh at our own shortcomings, it's that very splendid thing; that is something more than humour, it is Courage dipped in Dreams, it's Life's rough edges mended, with a Prayer in its well-worn seams.

IT'S the same old Homespun Glory that in War time brings us through, because we always can and will see the other point of view. And though the going's heavy, Victory remains the same, for it goes to those who though they fight STILL PLAY THE HONEST GAME.

Can You Beat It?

Imaginary Interview on the Black-out Bus

WOT cheer, Bill? 'Aven't seen you not since little old 'Itler started on the rampage. . . . A twopenny, eh? Then, you 'aven't changed from the old address? What's more, knowing you, I'll bet you 'aven't changed from the old ideas!

You think there's a lot to be said for them Nazis, do you? . . . You would! . . . And you tell me our bloomin' record ain't none too clean? . . .

Well, if it comes to that, 'oo's is? I never did see much point in saying a bloke ain't no better than 'e ought to be.

Wot's that you say, Bill: "You think yourself this is an imperialist war an' we're trying to starve German women and children?"

Nark it, chum; nark it, else I'll lose my patience wiv yer! Cos you ain't talking sense. Wotever kind of a war this is, you know none of us wanted to 'ave it!

'Owever tight the good old Navy makes the blockade, you know purficly well the Germans are doing their damndest to starve us aht of business. . . .

Ain't they sinking on sight, and dropping murder-mines in the sea and even bombing poor bloomin' fishermen and machine-gunning 'em after their trawlers is sunk?

You don't see wot else they could do against our sea power? . . . Cripes! D'you fink any of our blokes would shoot poor fellers clinging to bits of wreckage, or blow nootrals to blazes, women and children an' all? . . .

"They 'ave to do wot they're told and you're sorry for 'em! . . . Blimey, *sorry* for 'em! Wot next! Ain't you sorry for the fishermen they murder and all the decent, 'armless people they leave to drahn?

"War's war," you say, and you tell me you sent some Christmas parcels to some of them Nazi prisoners we're feedin' so well and looking after so nicely? . . .

Wot abaht all our own boys doing lonely jobs, like my nevvy 'oos on a listening-post, or the grand lads 'oo're just quietly sweeping up the mines and fighting them German bombers and U-boats. Did you send any parcels to them? . . . You didn't; you think the Government ought to look after them an' it's none of your business.

You want to "promote friendly feeling." You want to make 'em realise there's some of us "'oo sees their point of view?" . . . You must 'ave gone crackers, Bill! You must be one of them "sentimental cranks" wot General Swinton got so 'ot abaht the other day.

I wish little old 'Itler could round up the 'ole lot of you and shove you all into one of 'is little 'oliday camps!

Strewth, if that ever 'appened I fink I might send you a parcel myself.

An' I'll bet you'd need it, cos, parcel or no parcel, you'd certainly cop a packet!

Tommy, Jack and Bill

GIVE a thought to men of the Defence Corps!

Many are having a thin time, frequently soaked by driving rain, but with no facilities for drying their clothes.

Not at all comfortable to live in flooded tents and sleep on damp bedding in winter.

Some of our readers, cooking for Defence Corps men stationed in their district, invite them to their fireside and offer them hot baths when leave permits.

We hope other readers will be as thoughtful, and that the War Office will thoughtfully provide huts in place of swamped tents.

The Army is not alone in these minor difficulties. All the Services have them.

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is proud to have solved hundreds of these problems.

Here are a few more abbreviated answers that may be of general interest:

J. S., Bristol.—"I was the sole support of my invalid and widowed mother before the call-up. What allowance should she receive?"

Twenty shillings and sixpence a week.

Mrs. B., Acton.—"My husband is well over the age limit, but has joined the Navy by giving a false age. Can I obtain his discharge?"

Discharge applies only to boys under age.

Mrs. N., Minehead.—"As I have been evacuated, can my landlord insist on rent for the flat I no longer occupy?"

He is entitled to rent for the period of your tenancy agreement. If you can't pay full amount, offer to pay as much as you can. He cannot distrain on your furniture without a court order.

T. H., Lancs.—"I am nearly twenty, an apprentice machinist in an aircraft factory. Shall I be called up"

Most unlikely.

Mrs. P., Leeds.—"Is my husband entitled to Reserve pay from July 1 to September 3, when he rejoined his regiment?"

Yes, he should raise the matter with the regimental paymaster or his company officer. . .

* * *

So they pour in, these questions from relatives of Soldier Tommy, Sailor Jack and Airman Bill, from pensioned warriors of the last war, young men waiting to serve in this one. From every class of the community.

JOHN BULL'S experts answer them all. Questions on all matters except those of a medical nature are welcome. A stamped addressed envelope for replies will be appreciated.

Here are the Answers

British aircraft sight U-boats yet have to call a warship to attack with depth charges. If aircraft can carry torpedoes, why not depth charges?

AIRCRAFT already carry depth charges in the shape of heavy bombs that can be set to detonate well below the surface of the water. But depth bombing by aeroplanes is a matter of luck.

Surface craft are more practical for depth blasting because they carry detection apparatus to trace the position of the U-boat. To make sure of the job, they can drop a dozen or more 600-lb. charges at a time in "diamond" formation. No patrol aircraft can carry this weight.

Has the blockade against Germany's exports, answer to Hitler's mine warfare, had any effects so far?

BIGGEST item is the hold-up in Germany of £3,000,000 railway equipment destined for Chile. It will not now be delivered on contract date.

That country cannot allow its railway equipment to deteriorate until war is over. So the order is likely to go to the United States.

Worse effect is wholesale cancellation of orders from neutral countries. Nazi "trade ambassadors" have striven many months and even years to obtain these orders.

No new orders are being given because these countries know that all such goods are subject to delay or confiscation on passage overseas.

Credit item to the Treasury is about £200 received in 10s. fees for "navicerts" — certificates issued by our Embassies to neutral shippers stating that their cargoes have been inspected and found non-contraband. "Navicerts" get ships through control stations quickly.

Had the Nazis any tactical reasons for choosing the end of November to sow magnetic mines?

ONLY that the full moon helped the mine-droppers. People who study coincidences might like to know that ancient Saxons called the November moon the "Blood Moon."

Those interested in astrology might like to know that at 10 p.m. on November 26, the worst day, the full moon was squared by Mars, God of War, from the sign Pisces, fish, governed by Neptune.

Hitler may scan horoscopes, but the Nazi Admiralty is probably more interested in effective murder than in astrology.

Why is it that many large firms, even though possessing valuable war contracts, are refusing bonuses to employees and have declared their inability to meet their income-tax demands in January?

SOME of them are in a serious financial position because Government Departments are holding up payment for goods delivered.

Banks are becoming chary of making advances even against war contracts, and some companies feel it unfair to ask them to pay big interest charges that cut half their profits.

A private individual can be compelled to pay his debts, but you cannot take a Government Department to law. Tens of millions of pounds are owing by some Departments.

It is all part of the financial muddle now depriving officers of their pay and soldiers' wives of their allowances. It is partly due to bureaucrats being buried with their files in "funk-holes" all over the country.

It takes about three years to get our hide-bound Treasury system functioning in war time.

Finnish cavalrymen routed Soviet tanks in the thickly-wooded Karelian battlefield

When Bomber Fights U-boat

Is there any lesson to be learned from Finland's surprising resistance to the forces of Russia?

MOST consoling lesson is proof of the argument, dinned into the ears of some European staffs for five years, that defensive weapons and tactics are in the ascendant again over the *offensive*.

Given a properly directed, well-equipped defence force, disposed on favourable terrain, overwhelming attack can be held off almost indefinitely.

Finland has an army of nearly 500,000 men. Its weapons are the best that Bofors and Krupps can produce. The line on which Russians must attack is nearly twice as long as the Western Front. Lakes and woods of Finland put up an almost insuperable barrier to mechanised forces, and the winter is worth five additional Army Corps.

Time alone can beat Finland, as it can beat any defensive against a heavier adversary. But before then the tide of events may come to its support.

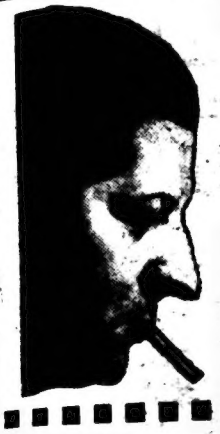
Are there any precedents for scuttling in modern warfare? Is there any significance behind such action?

THE word comes from the German word "schussel," meaning a dish, or the round opening in the hull of a ship. Outstanding example of the practice was the sinking of the surrendered German Fleet at Scapa Flow after the last war.

Scuttling had never before been used except to prevent such a vessel as a treasure ship falling into the hands of the enemy.

Germans have now endowed the word with a new significance. Once practical strategy, it now means absolute "defeatism."

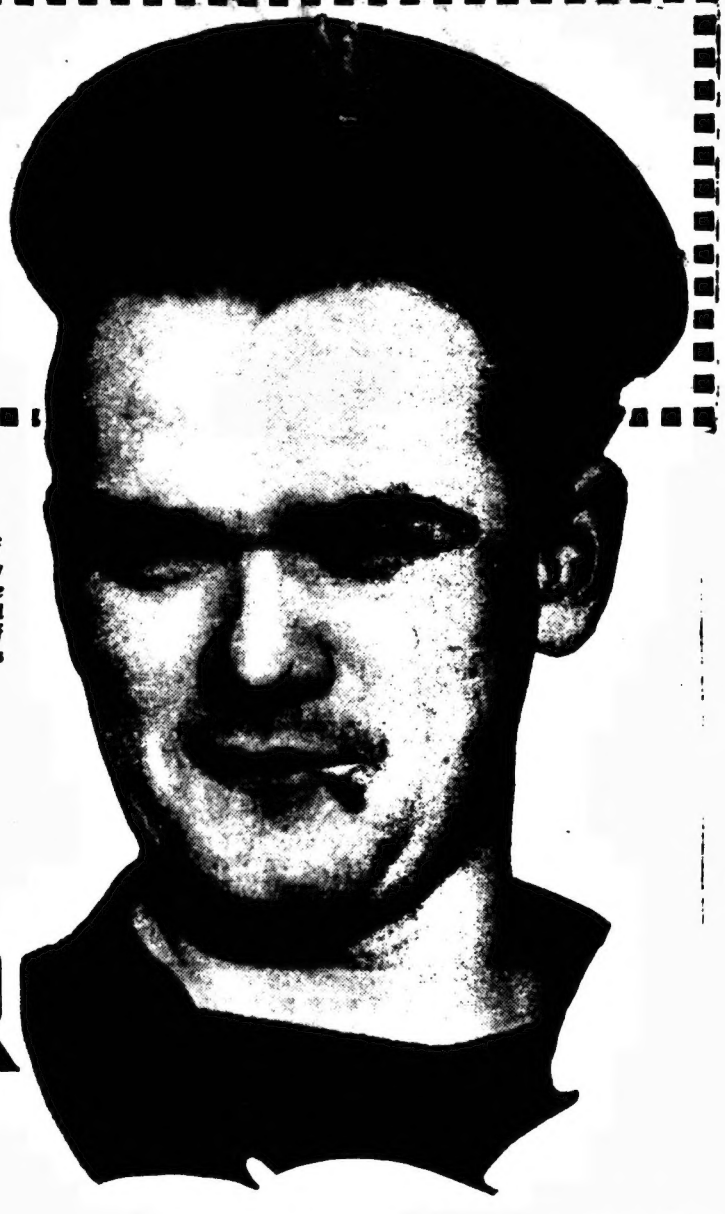
Moral to be drawn from the sinking of the *Graf Spee* is that Nazis already know themselves beaten. She could have been interned, to sail again as a proud unit of a new Germany.



MAURICE FAGENCE

continues his reports from our East Coast battlefront

No. 2.—POLISH NAVY SWEARS VENGEANCE



The resolution of the Polish Navy shines in the face of this typical member of one of its warship's crews

ONE LETTER for a FLEET...

ALTHOUGH the sea mists which hid the warships from the English coast hid the coast just as effectively from the ships every officer and man out there in the harbour knew the mail-train had arrived.

They knew the time it was due, and it was rarely late. They knew the shriek it gave to the last home signal-box.

Half an hour of tossing the mail bags from train to quay and from quay to mail tender, five minutes of signing papers and last injunctions about the registered-letter bags, and then the hundreds of parcels and thousands of letters from home were on the last few hundred yards of their journey.

The crew of the tender took a last look round.

Three heavy sacks of parcels and four of letters for the British cruiser just ahead. Wouldn't the boys be pleased!

Two sacks of parcels and three of letters for the British destroyer to starboard—that, too, was well above average.

But what good cheer and good tidings were there for the *Awica*, the *Grom* and the *Blysk*—lying out there in the fog?

"Anything for the Polish fleet, Bill?" asked one of the sailors in charge of the mail.

And back came the answer that has so often been returned to that same question:

"One bag, Fred. One letter with a whole bag to itself. A tragedy, that's what it is."

Tragedy? Before you can hope to understand the depth of it, you've got to look into the eyes of the Polish boys who sailed their ships through hazards almost unprecedented so that they could continue their battle for Poland from British waters.

SOME days they get one letter among the I-don't-know-how-many-hundreds-there-are-of-them.

Sometimes there are none at all.

They left their home when the fate of Poland was sealed. All they knew was that while Polish ships survived there was something of Poland left in the world, something on which they could rebuild.

To-day, operating under the Polish flag, but with the British fleet, there is still a Polish navy. I have seen it. I have mixed with its swarthy, sturdy crews.

It sails into the storm-tossed North Sea at our bidding. It fights .... a little too eagerly if anything .... at our command.

It has sent two U-boats rolling to the bottom under such circumstances that their loss cannot be disputed. It claims six U-boat victims—and almost certainly has bagged five.

We built the best two ships of this Polish fleet at Cowes in 1936—39-knotters, real greyhounds with a terrific weight of gunfire.

But we built them for the Baltic. And when, a week or so ago, we said they would have to be trimmed for North Sea conditions, the Poles objected that this would mean sacrificing a gun from each ship.

"Throw our beds overboard," they said. "Our food. Anything that concerns our comfort. If it is merely a question of saving weight, let us sleep on the decks. But a gun from each ship—no. You mustn't do it.

"It will mean one gun less with which to smash Germany and win back Poland. It is all we've got left to fight with. We'll fight hard and well with that gun if you'll spare it."

Our best designers thought hard. It ought to be a gun, they said. But, after all, if taking away guns meant taking away morale—well, they would be the last to do it.

They saved weight in other directions.

WAS there ever a more tragic fleet in history? Only two of them, they told my interpreter, have ever had one word of news as to the fate of mothers, wives, children, sweethearts since the war started.

One of these has been able to get his wife to England. What are Admirals to a man as lucky as he is!

The other's wife is safe in a neutral capital.

The letters those two women write are the only mail the Polish navy ever receive.

But shall we qualify that and say that they are the only letters that are ever received from home?

For British sailors, who have never let down a shipmate and never will, are taking a hand in the matter.

I have seen them buying Polish pound notes for five shillings—notes that will never be worth twopence.

"They're worth five shillings to me as a memento," they say—the liars. They know quite well it is because they hate to see a sailor without money.

And, what is more important, they are saying to the folks at home:

"Drop a line to Josef Kalinski (or Antoni Moscicki, or Emil Ulrich), even if it means fewer letters to me."

So the very slim mail bag of the Polish fleet gets a little thicker with every post.

THEIR Prime Minister, General Sikorski, has visited them. So did Winston Churchill, while I was there.

They think the world of Winnie. But life would be a very drab place for them, indeed, if it wasn't for the friendship of that greatest of all natural gentlemen the British sailor.

I had an evening out with them—Polish sailors and their British escorts. It is a memory that I hope never to lose.

"Go on, Ignacy!" our own sailors banter, trying to use Polish Christian names as adroitly as they use Ted or Syd. "You know you're no good at spit and polish."

And the Polish boys reply: "No good at spit and polish, yes. But good to beat the Germans. We keep fighting, and then one day we fight into the Baltic. We fight until Poland rise again."

And the hearty British thump in the back that they receive as a result is a fervent Amen.

"Have old Juljusz and Marjan been in?" asks some hefty British tar in bar or café. "Left me a note? That's the stuff."

Or you'll hear Juljusz or Marjan saying: "My friend Beel? Has he come? He come at eight to-night? That is great news. I will wait for Beel."

And they are together until that moment of judgment which occurs every night—the moment when a sailor must return to his ship.

Then he must mount a gangway in the full knowledge that up at the top, in darkness, an officer is watching his every step. An accidental trip-up might be taken to mean that he is drunk. A trip-up plus a strong smell of liquor, of course, would be fairly conclusive evidence of too much fraternisation.

Still, all the boys I met knew when to stop—although they knew also that a few hours later they would be sailing with Death. . . .

You may remember the story of a British crew that witnessed the landing of a U-boat crew recently. One young German, a fair-headed, square-built youngster, gave them a halfhearted smile while the rest were frowning. With that smile he won their hearts.

"Get a transfer, blondie!" they yelled.

I spoke to the crew of a Fleetwood ship which had been blown sky-high by a U-boat. They had burnt their clothing to attract attention as they floated about for twelve hours in mountainous seas. They'd got down to their singlets when rescue arrived.

The submarine attack on them had been dastardly—against all the rules of warfare.

But all they held against "Jerry" as a sailor was that he skulked about in the Kiel Canal, as he did for years in the last war.

It has been a wild winter at sea. There's been no Kiel Canal security for our sailors. I wonder whether the country appreciates that sufficiently?

Some of the men I have met have had thirty days out of forty at sea. One cruiser had 43 successive days and nights at work.

Much of this has been in the Arctic circle, where daylight hasn't exceeded four hours a day.

Their view of a torpedo that misses is: "There's five thousand quid gone west."

If everything could be told about their work, what an epic it would be! Yet there's every reason why you shouldn't be told all.

So many of the heroes of our Royal Navy in war time are merchant sailors in the ordinary way . . . and you may remember what happened to Captain Fryatt in the last war.

Hearing of his heroism against German warships, the enemy murdered him in cold blood.

THEN you are never told when German supply ships are sunk—for excellent reasons.

You can imagine the plight of German U-boats and pocket battleships when, thousands of miles from shore, and with fuel and food supplies at low ebb, they arrive at a rendezvous to replenish, only to find that the ship they expected to meet is not there.

One boast about a supply ship sunk, and all that good work is negatived.

Yes, the British sailor must do most of his work out of the limelight . . . but sailors don't care.

GRIN and BEAR IT! ----- By Oliver PLUSH

YE MARINERS OF GERMANY...

Ye mariners of Germany
Who fearlessly attack
A trawler, though it's fully manned,
Or e'en a fishing smack!
In many a neutral harbour
Your ships are lying low,
Preferring not to venture out
Where the stormy tempests blow-ho-ho—
Where the grim destroyers lie in wait
And the stormy tempests blow!

The swastika of Germany
Floats proudly in the breeze,
Where barnacles foregather
In sundry inland seas;
The road to Buenos Aires
Its dauntless sailors know
When they, to join their victims' ships,
Their own have sent below!
Ruling the waves (by wireless)
They fear no (unarmed) foe!

Nevertheless

But let us not cheat ourselves. Let us face the fact that, as a result of the German blockade, the unhappy children of this country are fated to be deprived of . . . cigarette cards!

Gent's Wear

A Berlin tailor, the German radio announces, has promised a new pair of trousers to the first German soldier who captures twenty prisoners.

It would be more humane to present a couple of pairs to von Papen, to be worn when reporting the result of his latest diplomatic mission to his beloved Fuehrer.

Sez 'Enery

"What's yours?" I asked 'Enery.

He turned on me a couple of very reproachful eyes.

"Wot did I tell you larst week? Didn't I say as 'ow I was going on ther wagon in ther Noo Year?"

"And you haven't changed your mind?"

"I'm not ther sorter bloke wot changes 'is blinkin' mind!"

"All right; don't jump down my throat! Tell me, what do you think of this yarn about Hitler being secretly married?"

"Bloomin' lie, of course! Is it likely that a pore blighter wiv ori 'is worries would go an' add to 'em by taking on a trouble-an'-strife?"

"You never know. The message said she's a blonde and he's taken a house for her in a fashionable part of Munich."

"Sounds ersatz to me. If you arst me, I reckon as 'ow ——"

He stopped and gazed with rapt attention while I sampled the contents of my glass.

"Wot's it like?" he asked wistfully.

"Nice and wet. I see they're likely to weaken it about the end of February. Farmers need more barley for cattle fodder."

"'Strewth! 'Ere, miss"—he turned to the barmaid—"give me er long 'un!"

"But, I say, what about your New Year resolution?"

"Well, wot abaht it?" he demanded. "I'm not one of your pig-'eaded coves wot's afraid to change 'is bloomin' mind!"

That Hitler Wheeze

An unknown man found lying in the roadway at —— was taken to —— Hospital, suffering from a dislocated jaw and concussion. It is thought that he stepped from the kerb in the black-out and brushed against a passing car.—News Item.

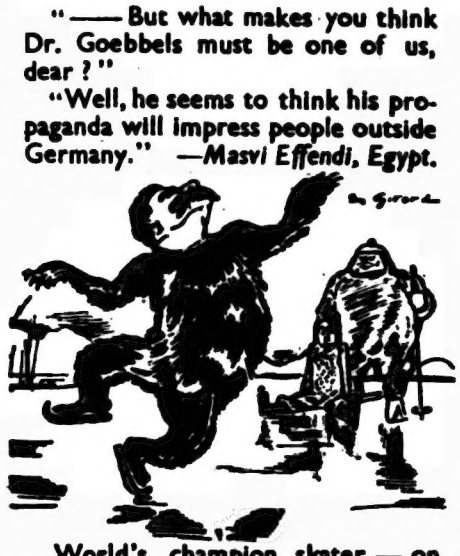
'Twas not a car that did the trick,
For, even when the black-out's thick,
They sometimes miss one! . . .
We'd talked a while; he seemed quite sane,
Until he asked, with grin inane,
"Have you heard this one?"

Full oft of late I'd had that cue!
I groaned aloud, for well I knew
What bug had bit him!
He chortled: "Can you tell me if
You know why Adolf's like a——?" BIFF!
'Twas then I hit him!

THRO' OTHER EYES:

"—— But what makes you think Dr. Goebbels must be one of us, dear?"

"Well, he seems to think his propaganda will impress people outside Germany." —*Masvi Effendi, Egypt.*



World's champion skater — on thin ice. —*Aux Ecoutes, Paris.*

Blood Money

"Your crime novels will cost you more in 1940," announces a daily paper.

Surely an increase in price could be avoided by means of a scheme for rationing the number of corpses per volume?

War Time Love

"The German Government is a Government of men who love the truth."—*From a Nazi broadcast.*

Of a chromium blonde
One man is fond,
Another, more uncouth,
Loves only beer,
But we hold dear,
Above all else the truth!

A taste exact
For faultless fact
Is our consuming passion;
In war time, though,
We must not go
Beyond our ersatz ration!

Stop Press

Berlin was last night startled by a loud explosion near the Oberbaum Bridge, which spans the Spree. What at first looked like the wreck of an oil tanker proved on investigation to be Marshal Goering, who had been ordered by the Fuehrer to scuttle himself.

OLD BILL and SON
By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Ullo, Maginot, 'ow's yer Line gettin' on?"

Open Letters

● Stop Waste in the Army Camps
● One Man has Keys to Safety
● Black-out Regulations Muddle

The CORPORATION,
Gloucester

GENTLEMEN,—Evidently you're doing your best to justify the American view that it's a "cock-eyed war."

Even though your city is about six miles long and four wide, one man only has the keys of the air raid shelters, and would have to bicycle from one to the other if a raid warning came.

Some of the shelters are flooded by water that is nine inches deep.

Even for a sleepy cathedral city, A.R.P. arrangements should get better consideration than a yawn.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Minister for Home Security

DEAR SIR,—A reader has been fined for switching on a light in his house for half a minute. He doesn't complain, but he's puzzled because a glass-roofed factory in his Midland town is allowed to blaze with light every night.

Once again someone has been fined for showing a torch in a room that had not been blacked-out. Yet near the much-raided Firth of Forth, sentries swing their torches in military fashion as they march to their posts!

For sanity's sake insist on uniformity in observing the regulations.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. EUAN WALLACE, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—If it's short-sighted to cease building much-needed roads, it's blindness to allow existing roads to sink into disrepair.

Maintenance on modern highways is inexpensive, but, unless it is carried out, the surface will be ruined and the road have to be re-made at high cost.

Already I see widespread evidence of neglect.

It is your duty to ensure that our road system does not collapse through false economy.

Good roads, essential for peace-time prosperity, are still more necessary for our war effort.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—There are some employers who should be reduced to beggary. I am horrified that their wicked exploitation of the young is made possible by you.

Before me are the pay cards of two North Country girls, sent by the local employment exchange to a factory where Army uniforms are made.

One girl receives 5s. 9½d. after insurance is deducted, for 36 hours' work. The second "earns" 6s. 5d. for the same time.

Are you not shamed by these figures? Do you not know that the nation will not allow the war to provide a soulless few with an opportunity for plunder?—JOHN BULL.

You must not allow them to prosper.

Sir VICTOR WARRENDER,
Financial Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR VICTOR,—**INFAMOUS** is the only word strong enough to describe the waste which is still going on in Army camps.

"Public money is literally thrown away" at a certain West Country camp.

Searchlight cables have been cut to ribbons by lorries running over them.

Stores worth hundreds of pounds have disappeared.

Tentage has been allowed to rot.

Tens of thousands of sandbags are lying unused in the open.

In other camps, the scandalous ramp of allowing a workman to draw two wage packets each week, helping to inflate his employers' profits, merrily continues.

Bring everybody under the searchlight of your enquiry.

Fortunately, the news that Scotland Yard officers have been called in to investigate may persuade offenders to end some of the worst evils.

Yet do not confine your enquiries to one or two of the more notorious camps.

Bring everyone under the searchlight and name the firms that have so cynically plundered your Department and the public!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—You haven't entirely succeeded in banishing snobbery from the new Army.

Public-houses patronised by sergeants near a Welsh town are out of bounds to corporals and privates, those frequented by corporals are *verboten* to privates.

Half the men don't know which tavern they may enter without being reprimanded, and there is friction between the Reservists and Territorials.

You'll stop this exasperating pettiness, I'm sure.—JOHN BULL.

Superintendent FIELDER,
Basingstoke

DEAR SIR,—A reader complained to me weeks ago that when summoned for showing a light in his house the police had asked his occupation and age, how many children he had and what wages he earned.

I kept silent until the case was heard. Now that the Bench has given its decision I can give my opinion. It's this.

Your men should be told to keep within their duty and not to imitate the methods of foreign police forces.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—You must have been poorly advised when you refused extra allowances of rationed foods to invalids.

You are now apparently seeking expert advice about particular illnesses, but why on earth haven't you done so before?

I have been reminding you for months of the plight of sufferers from diabetes.

Your shilly-shallying on this point is a further blot on the record of an inept and blundering Ministry.—JOHN BULL.

Lord CRAIGAVON,
Prime Minister, N. Ireland

MY LORD,—Allow me to express appreciation of Ulster's war efforts.

In a fortnight your people have bought more Savings Certificates than in the whole of the previous year, and 31,000 men and women have volunteered for various forms of national service.

All Britain knows that the men of Northern Ireland now in the armed Forces will fight for freedom as resolutely as did their fathers.—JOHN BULL.

Sir MARK GRANT-STURGIS,
Special Commissioner, Income Tax

DEAR SIR MARK,—Meanness in the matter of tax relief will hardly pay for the war.

A young schoolmaster earns £180 a year, of which £36 has to be repaid on a loan made to him for his college training. Yet he is denied income tax relief for that charge.

Other poor men are finding their usual tax reliefs stopped.

Hardly fair, is it, while vast fortunes are still being amassed?—JOHN BULL.

SLOUGH BOROUGH COUNCIL

DEAR SIRS,—Was it unwelcome publicity that made you change your minds about refusing council houses to soldiers' wives?

Whatever the reason, I am glad you do not intend to persist in a policy that would have aroused the public's indignation, and might have created a dangerous and disgraceful precedent.

Next time, think twice *before* subjecting tenants to a new imposition.—JOHN BULL.

Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE

DEAR MADAM,—It astonishes me that you should think that the war could be stopped simply by saying to Hitler:

"We have done these fearful things you are doing now, and we are bitterly sorry, so let us find a way out together."

Have you forgotten how often we stressed our willingness to settle disputes by negotiation rather than the sword?

Surely you don't maintain that we taught Hitler how to persecute the Jews, how to flog democrats to death with steel whips, and how sensitive people might be driven mad by the filthy horrors of concentration camps.

Do not risk public contempt.

Really, I think you had better confine your utterances to the stage you have so long adorned.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. BISHOP,
Peckham, London, S.E.

DEAR MR. BISHOP,—You know now why I so often speak of "blundering officialdom."

Preposterous that it should cost you 25s. a week to work as an air-raid warden because your pension from the Camberwell Council is stopped so long as you remain a paid warden.

Why not resign and re-enlist as an unpaid worker?—JOHN BULL.

Government Dietetic experts, planning war time meals, are now prepared to advise housewives who are baffled by rationing...

Menu by Miss X, Room 533

CALL her Miss X of Room 533. Official etiquette demands that she shall be nameless. She is one of a thousand human cogs in the vast machine of the Food Ministry in Westminster, concerned with the price-control, distribution and consumption of necessities on our tables.

She is the Dietetic Expert.

She has been "lent" to the newest Ministry by the Board of Education. For years she has been one of the Board's domestic science staff, educating school children and parents in the art of good feeding.

Now she is Dietetic Expert to the whole nation.

She is playing Mother to us all, telling us what to eat and how to obtain the best food value for our money now that shortage and increased prices have rationed and depleted the Home Larder.

This on-the-spot Dietetic Expert sits in Room 533, planning the perfect war time meals. She will soon be publishing information, in language all can understand, to help every home in the land to make the most of its war time larder.

EVERYONE is wondering what we lose by that extra bit of butter, bacon and ham.

"Nothing to worry about," said Miss X. "Tell your wife to give you margarine to make up for the reduced butter ration. Make sure it is vitaminised margarine. She can tell by the label.

"If she does that you can laugh at your old prejudice. Vitaminised margarine contains all the valuable food values of butter, both vitamins and fats, and is in every way as good."

Bacon and ham supply our bodies with fats, and the deficiency might be serious unless it could be made good by substitutes.

Miss X will soon be behind those shopping expeditions undertaken by every housewife to provide the family with necessities despite war time restrictions

"What's wrong with sausages, especially if they are made of pork?" asks Miss X. "Herring—one of the cheapest of foods—is also rich in oils. For the children wholemeal bread or potatoes fried in dripping are good bacon substitutes.

"Then there's mutton-bacon, popularly called Macon, smoked, salted and cured in much the same way as bacon. Experiments are now being made, and Macon may become a useful new food."

Nobody needs more than the 12-ounce ration of sugar which begins in a day or two.

"Most of us," said Miss X, "would be much healthier if we took far less sugar. It is a good energiser, but has no nutritive value. We should be much wiser if we took much more of our sugar in the form of dried fruits.

"There is not only a large percentage of sugar in them, but also good food value. Prunes, figs, dates, apples, peaches and many other varieties give a wide selection of choice.

"Raisins contain 73 per cent. of sugar, and there's sugar in onions and carrots. Please, don't fear a sugar shortage."

If a food is controlled the housewife can be sure it is one of the most essential to the life of her family.

Control is her surest guide.

Foods in the Controlled List were picked after long study by the Government's highest dietetic advisers.

Best foods are therefore the cheapest.

"A person," said Miss X, "can live on the Controlled List, and on foods that are so cheap and plentiful that there is no need to control them.

"Get into your diet as much as you can of milk, milk products, eggs, wholemeal bread, and whole-grain cereals, green leafy vegetables and fruit, and you can't go far wrong. Meat and fish are good body-builders, but you can live without them if the rest of the diet is adequate. Milk is the most complete food of all.

"MOST people eat far too much white bread, finely milled cereals, pastries, and the children's beloved bread and jam. One good cereal is oatmeal. There are ample supplies, and it is a good meat substitute."

Every good cook knows how to save the family from "food boredom," which is likely to become more acute than ever through the limitations of the war time larder.

Fewer and more economical dishes demand greater variety in the way things are served.

"War time food boredom," said Miss X, "is definitely something we have to reckon with. But the Ministry of Food will help you to overcome it."

Protection Unparalleled

"JOHN BULL'S" War Time Security Gift for 1940 is a Free £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy underwritten at LLOYD'S for every reader, in addition to the Free Comprehensive Household Benefits that have proved such a boon to readers in the past.

With this unparalleled Protection, readers will be able to begin the New Year with a strong sense of security that means so much in these times.

Readers who have NOT yet registered should turn to page 25 and fill in the Registration Forms to-day.

This Thing Called Luck

the Rev. Pat McCormick,

famed radio pastor, discusses Luck in another of his inspiring man-to-man fireside talks

IT is interesting to realise that the word luck does not appear anywhere in the Bible. But it is used three times in the Prayer Book version of the Psalms, and occurs in the phrase, "we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord."

The translation in the Bible is "we bless you." The word evidently means blessing.

I like the word in this sense.

To say "good luck" to a man is the same, often, as saying "God bless you." Like Tiny Tim, I say, "good luck to you all" or "God bless you every one."

★

If my luck is out, I don't think God or man has a down on me . . . I try to overcome it

Wishing a man good luck then is different to saying "that is just my luck."

It is curious how troubles do not seem to come singly. A man often seems justified in saying "my luck is out."

Yet we are wrong in thinking that chance rules our lives.

In the last war there was a popular phrase that showed how much men believed in luck.

I heard it when walking with a wounded man on each arm outside Trones Wood in the Somme push in the last war.

A shell fell by the side of the road within six feet of us, but didn't explode. One of the men laughed, saying, "our number wasn't on that shell"!

Well, that's one way of looking on life.

It would be difficult to believe that God had stopped a shell from bursting, or that He deflected a bullet from going straight when a man is in the direct line.

What really happened was that the man who made the shell did not do the job perfectly.

Another time, a bomb nearly six feet high fell just outside our Headquarters. It landed near to where we stood and went six feet into the earth without exploding. The tail-piece had either been shot off as it descended or had come off through faulty workmanship.

Naturally, we said our luck was in, but it's not really luck.

It has a natural cause in this ordered world.

I don't believe that chance orders our lives.

I believe that God orders our lives and that we or others alter our lives by our own or other people's efforts.

IT seems foolish to say that a man is unlucky because he steps off a pavement and is run over by a car. It happens either because he or the driver was careless.

Consulting the stars, or reading a horoscope to search the future, seems an absolute waste of time.

Some things that happen to us are pure coincidence, but I do believe that if we are looking to God to make our lives such things can be used to help us.

Sometimes they are a direct answer to prayer, not necessarily because we have asked for them, but because, having prayed that we may be of use, the opportunity comes and we are able to seize it.

Some people are frightfully superstitious, especially my countrymen!

For any reasonable being to believe that because you light three cigarettes, or spill the salt without throwing some over your shoulder to blind the devil, or walk under a ladder, you will have "bad luck" is simply silly.

Superstitions are an interesting subject, especially when you find out that many of them are in some way connected with the Crucifixion: the three nails, the ladder, the thirteen at the Last Supper.

TO think that chance governs our lives is to give up not only the belief that we order our own lives, but also that God directs our lives. I believe He does, and helps us in every way.

If my "luck is out," I don't think God or man has a down on me.

I try to overcome it.

We all trust to luck sometimes, but I think we're silly if we grouse because it doesn't come.

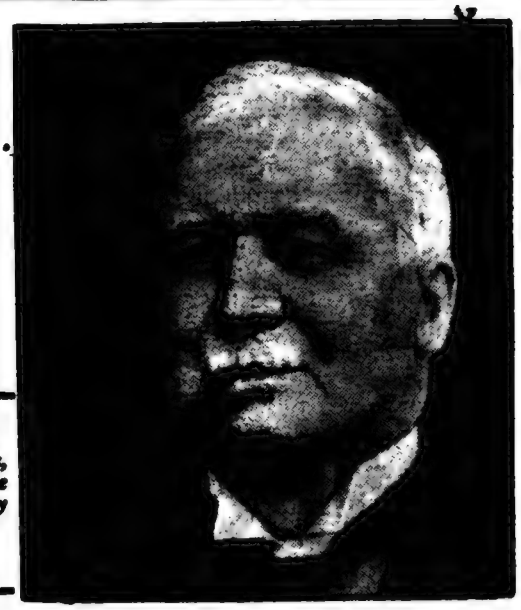
I can't go into the question of betting and gambling, but I made a friend, a bookmaker, in the ranks in the last war, who told me neither he nor his father, also a bookmaker, had ever made a bet in their lives!

They knew too much.

Well, Good Luck to you all; that is, God bless you all in 1940.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Smash the Bad Samaritans!



Mr. Rhys Davies, M.P., says the Home Office delay is inexcusable

WITH a million circulars printed ready to open a countrywide campaign, a big war charity appeal has just been abandoned at the last moment because the promoter took fright.

He is known to the police as a most adroit bluffer in the big racket of bogus collections.

Always sufficiently cunning to keep a fraction on the right side of the law, a tip that the War Charity Act was to be revived immediately shook his nerve.

Cynical joke is that the information was wrong!

The Bill for the proposed new law has not even been drafted yet.

Because of Home Office dilatoriness there is also further delay over the House-to-House Collections Act, which would provide some safeguard until the more specific war time measure is enforced.

When the House-to-House Collections Act was passed, as long ago as last July, it was considered urgent.

Yet it cannot come into force until March 1 at the earliest.

Before the Christmas recess started, M.P.s made strenuous efforts to have it put into operation immediately, but they were beaten by red tape.

War charity pirates, already given four months' complete freedom, will go unchecked for another two months.

It is disgraceful and unfair alike to the many genuine and deserving charities and to the public, eager now to help war time needs.

Until the racketeers can be swept away, you must all be on your guard.

Rather than enrich men and women out to grasp most of the money for themselves, I advise everyone not to respond to any appeal about which there is the slightest doubt.

Specious collections such as the "Cigarettes for Tommies Fund," launched by two young men from an address in Berners Street, London, are being made all over the country.

Because some trifling amount is devoted to the object stated the police are powerless.

The National Distress Relief Association, another private venture run by two women, is seeking contributions to a fund to supply clothing and blankets for evacuated children.

Collectors are paid liberal commission and look like medical students when they are out with their boxes. Out of the balance the women, Mrs. Harrison Wright and Mrs. Thomson, draw their salaries. Expenses also eat into the funds.

A Member of Parliament said in the Commons that this concern lacks, on the evidence of its own accounts, every essential of a *bona-fide* charity.

Yet, he pointed out, appeals such as this are to be given an extra two months of life.

Mr. Goldie, a lawyer M.P., said the police could clear out the worst offenders in a few days if they were given simple common-sense powers until the new and rather complicated Act is put into force.

I hope that Members will return to the attack as soon as Parliament reassembles.

Meanwhile, if you are in any doubt, the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, of 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1, will tell you if an appeal is genuine; or you can write to me.

Cheated on their own doorsteps

"ANY old rags" is becoming an ever more frequent call these days, and the doorstep cheat has been quick to follow many honest collectors.

Beware of the type of rogue who fooled a Derby reader.

After "doing a deal," he said he had no small change and promised to return after calling at other houses in the street.

He called at other houses, but he vanished after telling the same story at each.

Hunt for Pretty Will-o'-the-Wisp

"LITTLE Miss Glamour" is what they called her when she was in Holloway jail, London, eighteen months ago. It was apt because, using various assumed names, this hustling crook has since swindled her way round the country by sheer charm.

Police are on her track, but she is as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp.

About forty, but looking much younger, petite and fair-haired, with gay eyes and a delightful Irish brogue, she is well educated and is able to carry off with deceptive perfection her favourite pose as a Society woman.

Her real name is believed to be Cecilia Kelly, but she seldom uses it now. "Muriel Martin . . . Patricia Markham . . . Doreen Dashwood" are some of the more impressive aliases she has preferred in her recent exploits.

Most daring was her masquerade as an American widow with estates in Ireland. Staying at an expensive hotel in London, she obtained a valuable rope of pearls on credit from a Bond Street shop. That was her biggest haul, but lingerie, gowns and less costly jewellery were obtained in the same way from other shops.

She duped an elderly wealthy man at one hotel, ransacking his room and stealing, among other things, his cheque-book.

Shortly before war started she obtained large sums of money from an American she met at another hotel on the pretext that she could arrange for his daughter to be presented at Court.

"Little Miss Glamour" duped a man and his wife at a North Country hotel by pretending that she was about to receive a legacy of £50,000 from an uncle who had died abroad.

One of her victims was given an envelope supposed to contain £20,000 Woolworth shares as security for a loan. When she had vanished, it was found the envelope contained a few sheets of faded newspapers!

Police think that Cecilia must have gone into hiding, but she'll bob up again to find that a close net has been spread for her.

Trick Check

MANY housewives wish they could find a man who is collecting sums ranging from 3s. 6d. to 13s. 6d. for so-called "checks," said to be worth £3 when exchanged for goods at a new shop opening in the district.

One man busy in London suburbs professed to represent Utility Checks, Ltd., Bradford.

His "checks" are ordinary receipt forms that can be bought anywhere. There is no trace of the firm in the Register of Companies or Business Names.

People are exceedingly foolish to part with money in this way.

LUCK FOR SALE

NINE wishes are promised to those buying a 2s. 9d. charm advertised as having "Quick Results" by Wyshwell Amulets, of Euston-road, London, N.W. It is guaranteed to contain nine drops from "England's most famous wishing well"!

This is typical of the nonsense with which all kinds of charms are being dangled before the public in these emotional days.

Even more ridiculous are powers ascribed to Joan the Wad, "the lucky Cornish Piskey," claimed to have wonderful powers as a healer, luck-bringer, matchmaker, prizewinner and speculator.

Details are offered in exchange for a 4d. stamp, and presumably it is then explained how much the charm costs.

Don't be led away by such drivel.

I Don't Like His Record

HENRY BENJAMIN, a man I have been watching for some time, is calling himself Harry Bennett, but that is not so bad as the name he is making for himself in the textile industry.

At present he is concentrating on agents of United States firms. He has been representing himself as the agent of a firm with offices in London.

Some of the statements he has made are impressive, but in view of his financial standing, and his association with past company disasters, his offers should be examined with the greatest care by people feeling inclined to take him at his face value.

Until a few months ago Bennett was trading in Regent Street, London, as the British American Men's Wear Company, the object of which was to conduct an agency on a commission basis.

Two men later invested £200 each for a partnership in the British American Men's Wear Company.

This short-lived enterprise petered out with liabilities running into four figures and virtually no assets.

People approached by Mr. Bennett with any new scheme should know that he is an undischarged bankrupt.

In his bankruptcy proceedings Bennett mentioned that he had previously been in business with his father-in-law as a hosier and hatter. The partnership was dissolved after the father-in-law had been disillusioned.

He mentioned, too, that he was later in partnership with his wife.

That business was also dissolved, but he did not say that he deserted his wife and has constantly appeared in a magistrate's court because her maintenance allowance was in arrears.

Once he was detained in Brixton jail until he was able to raise sufficient money to pay off considerably overdue arrears.

Even at present there is a warrant, issued at North London Police Court, for his arrest for failing to maintain his wife and children!

Public Benefactor

FOR spotting an interesting sequel to one of my exposures, Mr. William Newton, of Barton Road, Worsley, Manchester, secures this week's £1 1s.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Our Army requires more than fifty different types of specially designed vehicles in the field

MIRACLES ON WHEELS

By a Special Representative

We stood at the end of a long room. Before us stretched an endless vista of flickering pistons and press rods.

There was NOISE—stupendous noise. Titanic thumps and the clangour of metal on metal. Noise like the vast, orchestral tuning-up of an artillery barrage.

THE staff officer who was showing us round waved his sheaf of papers towards the array of benches. He was shouting something above the din.

"The stamping shop," I heard him say. "Just one room in this works. And this factory in one single day turns out more Army lorries and every other kind of military transport than the entire British Army possessed in 1914."

I was in a lorry works "somewhere in England" on a visit arranged by the Ministry of Supply. And though lorries may seem a dull aspect of the war, I got nearer in this factory to an understanding of Britain's gigantic effort than I did on a recent visit to the B.E.F. in France.

NOT counting tanks, our Army requires fifty different types of specially designed vehicles—and, with the exception of only one of two types, our peacetime car-production machinery is unsuited to producing heavy military vehicles.

When this war broke out there were plans but no equipment for large-scale production. To-day, in just over three months, we have dozens of these factories in full production.

The Ministry of Supply has become the biggest buyer of wheeled transport in the world.

Take one item only out of the hundreds of components which go to make up a military vehicle. Tyres.

On September 3 of this year, there were millions of lorry tyres in stock in this country, and the manufacturers could turn out millions more at short notice.

But they were commercial tyres—all right for good highways but useless for muddy, shell-holed fields.

Now, making a tyre is a very complicated matter requiring specialised machinery. In a matter of days, the manufacturers had to turn round and make new equipment for tyres of huge section and prominent tread.

And they had to be bullet-proof tyres. It has been said that this country is behind in this development. The truth is that Britain pioneered the bullet-proof tyre.

I was shown them being made—in a factory which started full production in the second week of the war.

The precise nature of the design is one of the country's most guarded secrets. But I can say this:—

The tyre is not bullet-proof in the sense that the bullet bounces off it. The bullet can go through . . . but the tyre does not go flat.

It maintains sufficient pressure to keep the vehicle going at its normal speed.

Only Britain possesses such a military tyre in a practical and efficient form.

About a year ago, a certain foreign potentate tried through diplomatic channels to buy a set of these tyres for his private motor-cars.

He did not get them. None has ever been permitted to go abroad.

The most astonishing achievement, however, is to be seen in tank production.

I visited what the General Staff call a tank "mother"—a factory which makes itself responsible for a particular design or type of tank.

This firm was tackling infantry tanks, the heaviest of all. Previously it had been building locomotives and ship's engines.

You might think that a motor manufacturer, say, could easily adapt his plant to making tanks. He cannot.

HE might at a pinch be able to turn out armoured cars or light tanks, which are the equivalent to destroyers in the land navy. But he cannot handle the cruiser and infantry tanks which are the battleships of the land.

These are built of special armour plate, and only firms like locomotive builders, used to handling heavy masses of metal, can do this work.

There are not many of these firms. And when the war broke out it was one of the biggest headaches for the Staff organisers to get these firms together and to get them going.

Normally, it takes about three years to carry through a tank from the first General Staff designs to full production of a tested type.

As anti-tank weapons are evolved or new strategy is perfected, the design is constantly being amended. Which is expensive.

And since the only customers for tanks are the armies of the world, there have never been more than one or two firms in the whole country willing to tackle this kind of business.

There is something to be proud of, therefore, in the fact that within this first three months of war our tank production is already able to keep up with all the Army's needs.

So amazing has the progress been that in this "mother" factory I saw coming off the assembly line, battleship tanks that were mere marks on a drawing board last August. . . .

SINCE that time, all the incredibly complex details of the General Staff specifications have been worked out and agreed upon.

The Staff, for example, may have asked for three machine-guns, a howitzer and an anti-tank gun, with all the guns able to traverse. Then they want armour capable of keeping out a certain calibre enemy shell. And they want a certain performance "on climb" and across country with a given number of crew.

Right away, the designers or the makers may say that the full demands are an impossibility.

But once specifications are agreed upon, a pilot model is made as well as a wooden "mock-up" of the body, to decide about such things as stowage, the fitting of ammunition racks, the placing of the wireless set.

Then the prototype is made and tested with full war equipment over 10,000 miles of mixed country.

Perhaps in the interval we discover that the enemy has a new anti-tank gun, and the whole armour has to be revised.

And yet, with all these endless problems and difficulties surmounted, there were the tanks rumbling off the assembly lines ready to point their formidable snouts and armament towards the Siegfried Line.

A shield for our infantry, a spear-head for our assault against walls that no flesh and blood could storm alone.

Count Your Blessings

Argue it Out! by Pallas

WE'RE all entitled to our little fits of depression. Life would be too overwhelming if the sun shone all the time and flowers bloomed in perfection all the year round.

Our little moods, when despair rules our minds, are good in themselves.

They pass, and the mind is light again, the world is a brighter place. Comparisons are not odious.

I don't want you to look on me as a prophet of gloom.

This New Year has dawned on a world racked and torn by war and hatred. The beastly elementals are abroad and reason has fled from the minds of men.

Yet throughout the gloom, piercing it and radiating strength, is the light of the nation's courage—a light that is a beacon to the world, a light that shows the steadfastness of our purpose.

I've been trying to balance the ledger of the New Year.

There are many entries on the debit side.

First there is the black-out, with its difficulties in travelling.

Tempers are somewhat frayed and little tiffs are not so rare as they were.

There are families split through evacuation. Mothers miss their kiddies, and the kiddies miss their mother's love.

Some people have lost their jobs; others have had cuts in salary or wages.

There's rationing of petrol and increased taxation on cars. There has been some trouble in getting one or two things at the shops.

Let's look on the bright side.

The black-out has increased domestic ties. Men stay at home more, pay fewer visits to the "local."

More books and better books are being read.

Better music is being appreciated.

The war has brought us as a nation closer together.

In our preparations to wage this battle against the forces of evil we have presented to the world a grimness and a unity that have astonished all nations.

Never before has Britain been so determined to win a war. And that sense of duty, the knowledge that the whole nation is embarked on what is virtually a campaign to save humanity, has awakened deeper emotions in many hearts.

Husbands and wives are nearer: sweethearts are closer.

There is, too, sometimes the sweet delight of reunion.

The ledgers are not so bad, really.

There's plenty of food, and no prospect of a shortage. Prices have gone up, but so have the wages of millions of workers.

We are a well-fed, well-armed, well-protected nation. We have a great race to run, a great cause to pursue. On our shoulders rests the burden of a great responsibility. But that should not cause us gloom. It should not cause us any undue optimism.

It should impel us on the sacred nature of the task ahead, that task which is to keep for our children the heritage of right and freedom that is the very mainstay of our race.

This New Year, pause and think.

Devote a minute to the cause for which we are fighting. And, despite everything, you will be forced to count your blessings.

A "shot" from the film, "The Lion has Wings," which proved sure-fire publicity for the British forces

Screen Shocks for Doctor Goebbels

FAR into the night, the silver screen flickers in the marble hall at the Ministry of Information, now the show-place for films that tell the world of Britain's colossal war effort.

Sir Kenneth Clark, determined, thirty-six-year-old director of the Film division of the Ministry, formerly director of the National Gallery, looks in this showroom studio, nods approvingly.

Dozens of films have been ordered or approved by the Film division in the last few weeks. Fifty others, which existed before the war, were copied six times and sent to various parts of the world.

Sir Kenneth Clark had a flying start.

Sir Joseph Ball, who resigned the Film directorship only recently, decided to show Britain to the world through three categories of films, features such as "The Lion Has Wings," shorter real-life documentaries such as "Contraband," and news-reels.

Goebbels had a Six-year Start

His first triumph, "The Lion Has Wings," made in five weeks, was flown to countries as distant as New Zealand, Australia, India, Japan and South America, took the United States by storm, and within a month of its production was showing in 200 cinemas in this country.

The Treasury's original idea of the cost of a film of this type was about £2,000.

Even though it cost about fifteen times more, it was such sure-fire publicity that Goebbels would have considered it dirt cheap.

Goebbels had a six-year start of us in his film propaganda.

Long before war started, he flooded Central and South-Eastern Europe with news-reels, and through his own renting companies often passed off skilfully disguised propaganda as material from neutral sources.

When war started he was able to supply a large batch of pro-Nazi "shorts" for exhibition in Belgium at a week's notice.

Our own Ministry of Information was starting from scratch.

The Board of Trade's film experts, the official contact men with the film world, were "sacked" cameramen, taking news-reels of marching troops and other war-time scenes in our streets, were arrested and their films confiscated under Defence of the Realm regulations.

Official passes were then hastily issued to more than a hundred cameramen. Attempts were made to enlist the co-operation of the Services so that the Navy, Army and Air Force could be "shown" to Britain and the world.

Even so, two cameramen were arrested by local authorities at Rosyth for taking pictures in the neighbourhood of this naval base only a few days before Christmas.

Yet the Admiralty had given their visit its official sanction.

Something went wrong, somebody was unduly careful.

It was but one of many delays inevitably attending the creation of a department that was bound to knock up against the traditional wall of secrecy surrounding the Fighting Services.

Yet so much headway has been made against these obstacles in four months that this country, the Empire and many neutral countries will shortly see a steady stream of films showing what Britain is doing in its supreme task of overthrowing Hitlerism.

Alexander Korda is to follow up "The Lion Has Wings" with another feature film, showing the hunting of U-boats.

In one week Sir Joseph Ball approved twelve "documentaries" and provided facilities for their production by various studios.

John Corfield is making "Contraband" and Michael Balcon "Convoy."

An epic story in celluloid of the wonderful work of the Merchant Navy and the fishermen is on the way. So are stirring studies of the Munitions Front, the Men Behind the Guns, the Minesweepers, and the Balloon Barrage.

Seven cameramen are now on the Western Front, four with the Army and three with the Air Force, to supply news-reels.

Waiting for Messerschmitts

Among them is Gaumont's F. R. G. Bennett, first man to fly over Everest. "He is now fed up," says his chief, "with sitting and waiting for Hitler to let his Messerschmitts do a bit more flying!"

In the marble showroom at the Ministry of Information, with the spools going faster and faster round and round, things are humming.

Sir Kenneth Clark nods approvingly, thankful for the spade-work that has given him a flying start in answering Goebbels' lies by telling the world the Truth about Britain.

"I'm here," says Sir Kenneth, "for the duration or until I'm sacked. Money to spend? Well, whatever it is, it won't be enough. We can't have too many good films."

Rich Crooks in "Dole" Queues

A MAN drawing unemployment pay in North London is suspected by the police to be making about £5,000 a year as a member of a smash-and-grab gang!

He is unusually cunning and has covered his tracks so successfully that there is not sufficient evidence yet to arrest him.

Detectives are sure he will slip up eventually, but what is now worrying them much more is the discovery that he is only one of many crooks using the "dole" queue as a hide-out.

These criminals are careful to make every detail of their other personalities perfect, and the alibi of the hard-up out-of-work is the strongest they have found for years.

It is easy for a confederate with a make-believe business to pose as the employer who has had to dispense with a man's services. He buys his own stamps, often at cut rates from men who handle the proceeds of post-office robberies!

So widespread has the deception become that Superintendent Jack Sands, one of Scotland Yard's chiefs, has detailed a big squad of detectives to track down the up-to-date Jekyll and Hydes.

Enquiries are being made in provincial towns as well as London, and it is expected that when arrests are made, revelations in court will be astounding.

One man sought by the police has just slipped out of the "dole" queue.

He drew 17s. 6d. for many weeks, yet it was mere "chicken feed" compared with his share of robberies.

Joseph George Raymond, who fleeced women to whom he proposed marriage, was found to have been "lining up" each week at an employment exchange while he was posing to one of his victims as a man of means.

"Gentleman, 32, good position, capital, wishes to meet lady of means—view matrimony," was his usual advertisement bait.

He escaped police suspicion for a long time because he appeared to be out of work and drawing the allowance for himself, his wife and three children!

The same ruse was adopted by a man who travelled the country tempting people to invest money to obtain jobs in businesses he was supposed to be promoting.

All the time he was drawing the dole, and, when finally brought to book, he confessed that he had done so solely to cover up his tracks.

When a jailbird who, in the name of "Laycock" had several convictions for fraud, was traced to Newbury on a bigamy charge, it was discovered that he had safely hidden himself in the unemployment queue for many months.

Now they realise how popular the ruse has become, detectives are searching "dole" queues for a number of wanted crooks. One of them goes by the name of "Armstrong," but in the gang with which he is associated he is known as "The Chauffeur."

He has the reputation in the underworld of being one of the most daring drivers in the country.

When he heard detectives were looking for him to hear what he could tell them about a recent raid on a fur store in the City of London, he disappeared.

Probably he had heard through the amazing intelligence service of the underworld that witnesses had quickly picked out his picture in the Rogues Gallery at Scotland Yard.

"Armstrong" is adept as a tough smash-and-grab bandit, yet can be an immaculate Raffles lying in wait for his victims in a luxurious hotel.

Once in the alias of "Powell," he robbed a wealthy widow of jewellery worth more than £1,300. He met her at a Westcliff-on-Sea hotel where he was staying in great style.

With the jewels in his pocket, he went to Bournemouth.

There he was spotted by a Scotland Yard detective, who was spending the day at the resort. He behaved so suspiciously that he was arrested.

Superintendent Jack Sands, one of Scotland Yard's chiefs, is chasing the underworld's new Jekyll and Hydes

William J. Gage,

'John Bull's' chief commissioner, reveals the astonishing activities of wealthy bandits using "dole" queues as their hide-outs

Another wanted man, who the police think may have taken refuge behind the "dole," uses a string of aliases. Lately he has called himself "Harris."

An Old Bailey judge described him as one of the most skilful mail-bag robbers he had ever seen in the dock.

His first big venture in crime was a raid, with other men, on the safe at Rotherhithe employment exchange.

The haul of £750 was smaller than had been expected.

It was suggested that the whole amount should be staked on a horse named Royal Buck in a race next day. At the last moment "Harris" succeeded in persuading the rest to stick to the money, and the bet was not made.

Royal Buck won at 100-6!

It was "Harris," with a confederate, who brought off the sensational mail-bag robbery at Euston Station, London, some time ago.

One of them flung a black cloth over a postman's head while the other snatched the bag he was carrying. It contained registered mail in which was about £3,000. Both men were arrested and most of the money was recovered.

One result of the new police drive to round up these masqueraders is that instructions for a closer check of particulars relating to applicants have been sent to officials at employment exchanges throughout the country.

This will not involve the genuine unemployed in any inconvenience.

It will merely draw the net tighter round rogues, and enable the police to trace them more quickly.

HANNEN SWAFFER

introduces you to

Sir Archibald Sinclair

THE Parliamentary system is now seen at its best. For years criticised as being a waste of time and a thing that moved too slowly for days in which dictators made sudden decisions, it has, ever since the war, been a perfect expression of the public mind.

The Government's pursuance of the war has been supported, and yet criticised, by both the chief opposing Parties—not with the aim of scoring points but with the avowed purpose of stimulating endeavour.

At such a time, Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader, has emerged more and more as the weeks have passed.

Every month has added to his political stature.

Many M.P.s would like to see him in the Government. Actually, he, Attlee and Greenwood, who refused a seat in the War Cabinet over three months ago, are better where they are—challenging, encouraging, insisting.

In the weeks that preceded the outbreak of hostilities Sinclair was regarded by the country as a sort of Greenwood Number 2.

Whenever the Prime Minister spoke in the Commons, Arthur Greenwood, in his leader's absence, stood up and agreed with Neville, and Sir Archibald Sinclair stood up and agreed with Arthur Greenwood. Then the House adjourned.

But, soon after war began, Sinclair was taking a line of his own, expressing Liberalism in its broadest sense.

He made a statement of war aims, not as long as Attlee's but thought by many to be almost worthy of being put beside Asquith's famous declaration: "We shall not sheath the sword, which we have not lightly drawn. . . ."

"I have never said, and never believed, that war will end war, or make the world safe for democracy," he said. "But if this war were to result in a victory for Nazi Germany, liberty would be extinguished in Europe and a long vista of wars to regain it would stretch out before our horrified gaze."

AFTER declaring that the first war aim, transcending in urgency all others, was the utter destruction of the Nazi Government, he went on:

"Before we begin to build the temple, we must clear the ground of the monstrous obstruction of Nazi tyranny and Prussian militarism."

He said all this with the remains of a stammer which, although nearly conquered, was once almost distressing.

Who is this Archibald Sinclair? You would not know him if you met him in the street. You would probably not recognise him a week after you had seen him on the platform.

I have often heard him speak, in public and in the House. Yet, if I saw a nice-looking sort of fellow, a typical "clubman" in his dressy stylishness, I would not undertake to be certain whether or not it was Sir Archibald.

That is his drawback as a public figure. Like most nice men, he lacks "personality."

But then, you see, he is the fourth baronet and belongs to the sixth generation of his family to represent Caithness. He is a man firmly rooted in Highland traditions. He lives in a castle—Thurso Castle—and he has two mottoes.

PARTY MANNERS—

One, "Valour Leads to Heaven," he has lived up to in speech after speech in the last twelve months.

The other, "I Love the Best," is expressed in his smart neckwear and well-fitting morning clothes.

The first reminds you of his character, and the second of his wealth.

Sinclair was a twenty-three-year-old subaltern in the Life Guards when the 1914 war broke out. On August 4 he was at Hythe taking his musketry course. Within a few days he was hearing the very first shots fired in France!

His first job was to secure the defence of a French canal lock. Just before he closed the bridge across the canal—the war wasn't so many hours old—a man drove up in a cart.

"Stop *me*?" he asked. "Why for twenty years I have crossed that canal daily to visit my father."

"Off you go," said Sinclair. "One last call on your old dad, and we shall begin the war."

At the Battle of Festubert, Lord Mottistone disclosed the other week, Sir Archibald and one other man crossed No Man's Land and brought back valuable information.

Not before that did the country know how Sinclair had earned the proud French distinction which made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

THERE is nothing violent in Sir Archibald's Liberalism.

It seems to be a modern exposition of the Imperialist-Liberal policy of Rosebery and Asquith, and has little in common with the Radicalism with which Ll. G. made his lasting reputation.

But you never know what the word "Liberal" means nowadays. When I was asked to lunch recently at the National Liberal Club I replied, "Oh, they're the people who won't join the National Liberal Party." It is as mixed up as that.

There are still 1,377,962 official Liberals—forming Sir Archibald's Party—left in Britain.

Nothing is so obstinate as Party Liberalism to-day. It is dead; but it won't lie down.

For many years it was the soul of Europe. It held high aloft the torch of Freedom.

But, nowadays, Liberalism permeates all Parties. It is not the exclusive possession of any one. England, whatever it may call itself, is always a Liberal country.

To-day, the fight is between an old-fashioned Liberalism which calls itself Conservative, and a progressive evolutionary form of Liberalism which votes Labour.

STILL, while Conservatives are moving, in spite of themselves, to various forms of Government control, and while the Socialists are urging other methods of centralisation, the official Liberals stand in between, championing individualism and so individualistic that nothing can shift them.

Although they have some splendid types among them—Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, A. G. Gardiner, Sir Walter Layton, Lord Meston and Lord Samuel—how can even these compare with the leading Liberals of pre-war days, the men whose eloquence swept like a prairie fire across the land?

That fire, lit and fanned by the Nonconformist conscience, burned up nearly everything that stood in its way. Then it burned out.

Liberalism, nowadays, is no longer a religion. It is a philosophy. It is not a battle, but the armistice of a forgotten war.

It is not full-blooded enough for modern times. It has no shout. It can't yell, "Down with the Lords," for instance, as it did in its good old days.

In fact, it has got nothing to shout about.

Well, Sir Archibald, with considerable charm and with an engaging eloquence, refrains from shouting. And he does it very well.

Instead of saying "Bogy Bogy!" we say

CHIN

VICTORY IS CERTAIN!

GERMANY is facing certain defeat!

Her mighty military machine is still intact, most of her people do not yet suspect the truth, and her resources are not greatly impaired.

But the Allies are winning the war. There is no doubt about this. We state it as a fact, and JOHN BULL has never been afraid of facts.

Not even cheerful ones.

We are not afraid of the other kind, either. We don't pretend, for instance, that the war is "as good as won already."

On the contrary, we warn you that we shall have to exert our utmost strength, and that we may have to endure grievous sacrifice before "Hitlerism" is destroyed.

Nevertheless, destroyed it will be, and we fling this truth in the chattering teeth of all the gloomy writers and talkers who have recently gone into the "bogy-bogy" business

"Bogy business"—and even "bogus bogy business"—consists in courting cheap publicity by being, as the bogymen call it, outspoken."

Dickens' Fat Boy was outspoken, too. He delighted to make the Pickwickians' flesh creep and their blood run cold.

But the Fat Boy did it for fun, or out of natural perversity. The Fat Boys of the bogy-bogy Press are doing it as a publicity "stunt."

THEY ARE EXPLOITING THAT COMMON HUMAN WEAKNESS WHICH PROMPTS SO MANY PEOPLE TO DISCREDIT GOOD NEWS, BUT TO BELIEVE IN BAD.

And so these croakers are "outspokenly" gloomy. They declare that, if we are not very careful, we shall lose the war. They hint at corruption, slackness and inefficiency at home as against dire and malevolent competence in Germany.

Denouncing their journalistic colleagues and some of the Government's chief spokesmen as so many pedlars of "soothing syrup," they have the effrontery to label their own brand of bilious dope as "the truth"—and nothing else but!

☆

Now, there are none so blind as those who won't see, and these professional Jeremiahs deliberately shut their eyes to encouraging facts.

They don't study the available evidence: they "cook" it to suit their own morbid taste.

Some of their arguments are an insult to public intelligence. For instance, they stress the danger of buoying up our people with cheerful news, knowing full well that the Nazis are stuffed from morning to night with Dr. Goebbels' brand of good cheer.

But what is apple-sauce for the British goose must also be apple-sauce for the German gander. If we are being misled, then how much more is the enemy being led up the garden?

Actually, the one sterling virtue of our official news is its honesty. It may be meagre; it is badly "put over"; but it sticks to facts.

Without Fea

by the ED

● Controlled optimism which neither minimises nor exaggerates the task ahead—that is the attitude of our fighting men in France, and that is the attitude we at home should adopt.

We do not manufacture synthetic victories. We use no ersatz shoddy in our bulletins. And, as Winston Churchill has assured us, we are not afraid to admit our reverses.

Moreover, the record of plain facts proves that we are winning the war.

Man power, sea and air power, economic strength and morale are the decisive factors in modern warfare. The Allied advantages in all these things are clearly established.

To begin with, the population of the British Empire outnumbers the population of Germany by four to one. For every German who must "heil Hitler," there are six who are free citizens of the British and French Empires.

It is true that we can only draw gradually upon a great part of these enormous reserves of man-power, but it is no less true that more than a quarter of all the people within the Reich are made up of Poles, Czechs and other victims of aggression.

They have far more cause to hate Hitlerism than we ourselves. They are the "enemy" within the enemy's gates.

or ! Favour

DITOR

The Allies are free from this terrible internal menace. The Nazis hoped, and perhaps even believed, that the British Empire was cracking up. Instead, they find its free-born sons rallying to the Old Country from the four corners of the earth.

Not even the most gloomy of the bogy-bogy men can question Allied supremacy at sea. They may hint darkly at great dangers yet to be overcome, but the facts belie their fears.

Germany started the war with rather fewer than a hundred submarines. She is building more, as fast as she can. If she had no losses and if she could find trained crews for all her new U-boats, she might have two hundred of them in commission by the end of this year.

In fact, however, we have been sinking an average of three U-boats every week, and on this basis the underwater menace must decline and not increase.

Already we have found a reasonably effective counter to the magnetic mine, and now, in our turn, we are laying vast mine-fields for the greater protection of our own and neutral shipping and for the confusion of the enemy.

We have certainly sustained fairly heavy losses and must expect to lose many another brave ship before the war is over. But in the first seven weeks of murderous ruthlessness we lost less than 1 per cent. of our total tonnage afloat and, in Mr. Churchill's words, "**the British Navy is holding the seas as free as they have ever been at any time in any war in which we have been engaged.**"

If more were needed to prove the overwhelming superiority of Allied sea power, the scuttling of the *Graf Spee* after she had been crippled by British cruisers "hopelessly" out-gunned, supplies that proof.

And it may be that the very policy of scuttle which Hitler has endorsed implies his own despairing recognition of Germany's naval inferiority. Why should he sink his ship if he expects to win the war?

Machine for machine and man for man, it has been proved in actual combat that the Allies are more than a match for the Germans in the air.

☆

When it comes, however, to a numerical comparison, precise figures of the relative strength are not available.

What we do know as a fact is that "we now have at home more than four times as many first-line 'planes as we had in 1934-35," leaving out of account altogether "the very large number of undisclosed additions to the Royal Air Force."

France, too, is building fast, and building modern machines which, in the words of Leon Blum, "will be very redoubtable weapons for air battle."

INDEED, IT CANNOT BE DOUBTED THAT THE COMBINED RESOURCES OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE, AUGMENTED BY CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE EMPIRE AND HUGE PURCHASES FROM THE UNITED STATES, WILL ULTIMATELY ENSURE US AS MARKED A SUPREMACY IN THE AIR AS WE NOW EXERCISE UPON THE HIGH SEAS.

Economically, we had great advantages before the war started, and with every month that passes we become relatively stronger and Germany weaker.

☆

Our blockade is effective and Germany's "counter blockade," if so it may be termed, is powerless to prevent an immense seaborne traffic in and out of Allied ports.

Financially, our resources are immeasurably greater, and, when it comes to raw materials, the comparison is disastrously to Germany's disadvantage. In iron ore, in copper, lead, tin and nickel; in cotton, wool and rubber, and, above all, in oil, we have a truly overwhelming superiority.

These are but the broad and general facts upon which unprejudiced neutrals are agreed. Taken collectively, they must spell Germany's final collapse.

But our main challenge to the bogyman and the croakers is precisely on the score of morale—that intangible but tremendous factor in the grim equation of victory or defeat.

They complain that some of us "are not taking the war seriously enough" (incidentally, poor Goebbels has just been making exactly the same lament in Germany, where nobody dares to appear anything but serious!), and they say that we shall have to "stop fooling" and "fight like the devil."

And it's true! Or, at least, it's half-true. We must face our individual responsibilities more earnestly. we must each live and work from day to day as though the winning of the war depended upon ourselves alone.

But where JOHN BULL differs from all the Jeremiahs is that it knows as a fact that the people of Britain have never failed their country in time of need and will not fail her now.

We are fighting in a great cause—for peace, for freedom and for justice.

We have confidence in our brave Allies, and we have the wholehearted sympathy of all the world's free peoples.

And we are certain of victory.

The Human Machine

Your Philosopher's Stone

HABIT is among the most potent forces ruling our lives. It can be a power for good or evil, depending on how much we consciously control it. But we must form habits of one sort or another.

We can't help ourselves.

Yet we can determine whether these habits shall be our friends or enemies.

An old Eastern story, illustrating this far better than any amount of moralising, describes how a magician spent his life searching for the "philosopher's stone," which had the power of turning everything into gold.

All his magic could tell him was that the stone lay close to a certain stream. All he could do was to wander on the river banks holding a piece of iron in his hand, and touching with it every pebble he saw.

As every pebble he touched caused no change to appear in the iron, he tossed it into the water.

He spent years doing this, and then one day his piece of iron touched the treasure. He picked it up, but so strong was the habit of rejection that he automatically tossed it away. It dropped into the water, lost for ever.

An Eastern fable, yet strangely applicable to every-day life.

How many opportunities have we thrown away through allowing ourselves to develop the habit of ignoring our chances?

How many pleasures have we denied ourselves through allowing a habit of worry, or anxiety, or gloom to grow up unnoticed?

We often repulse the very things we long for—friendship, companionship, respect or recognition—because we have fallen into a habit of rejecting overtures.

We all have a "philosopher's stone" for which we are searching.

It may differ in appearance, but let us not blame the world if we fail to find it.

Let us be sure that we haven't had it and thrown it away.

GIRL FRIEND

"We've been writing to each other now once a week for three months. She writes top-hole letters, too. Just the sort of letters a man likes to get"

JOHNNY slipped into the Nine Needles to get some courage. Now it had come to it, he had the most dreadful doubts. It was a quarter past two and the Nine Needles was past its mid-day prime.

Clerks had scampered back to their offices and the three tiny luncheon tables had gone to sleep until to-morrow at half-past twelve.

In front of the angled mirrors of his ornate saloon bar stood the landlord, yawning over a much-creased morning paper. The mirror threw him back at you from all sides, so that he had six fronts and six backs. That was too much of a good thing.

Six fronts and six backs of the British Army were also all over the place. When Johnny looked to see where they came from he found they came from Private Watts, decorating a tall stool at the other end of the counter.

In all the Nine Needles there was nobody else. The electric fairy lamps, left over from Christmas, seemed to know they were doing their stuff to no purpose.

"Whisky," said Johnny.

"What sort?" said the landlord.

"Any sort," said Johnny.

Private Watts began to take an interest. You never knew what was going to turn up, and Private Watts was a quick thinker.

Johnny took his glass to a long velvet seat and sat down with his back to the wall. The landlord returned to his paper.

"CHEER UP!" said Private Watts, on the off-chance.

"It's all very well to talk," said Johnny, which brought Private Watts to the long velvet seat. He sat next to Johnny.

"You ought to be in the Army," he said, "out there in France week after week, dreaming of the day when you'll be home for ten days with a glass of port and a cigar—real Society like—and then when you get here and all your pals have gone——"

"But I am in the Army and I am home on leave," said Johnny.

"Oh," said Private Watts. "France?"

"Yes."

"Oh," said Private Watts.

He stared at Johnny's best dove-grey lounge suit.

"What's the idea of all this?" he asked.

"When I'm on leave I'm on leave," Johnny answered.

"Girl friend?" said Private Watts.

"That's just it," replied Johnny. "I don't know."

"You must know," said Private Watts.

Johnny looked at Private Watts's half-pint glass, now reaching the empty mark.

"It might run to a glass of port and a cigar," he said. "Yes, it might very well run to that."

"WHAT might?" said Private Watts.

"Look here," said Johnny; "would you like to help a fellow-warrior in distress?"

"What might?" said Private Watts, keeping to the point.

"I'd better start at the beginning," said Johnny.

"Ah," said Private Watts.

Johnny explained about the magazine that had found its way into the dug-out.

He described the letter in the magazine from the Hon. Mrs. Somebody or Other, on "The Problem of the Lonely Soldier."

There were lonely ones, too, at home, the Hon. Mrs. Somebody or Other had written, who, if they could do nothing else at such a time, could write cheery letters to the lone ones at the front and ask nothing more in return than letters from the lone ones.

"And you fell for it?" said Private Watts.

"She offered," explained Johnny, "to put interested parties in touch with each other."

Another War Time Cameo by WILL SCOTT

"And you fell for it?" repeated Private Watts.

"Picking out," added Johnny, "people of similar tastes."

"And you fell for it?" said Private Watts for the third time.

"Her name," said Johnny softly, "is Ann Winter."

"I thought you said it was the Honourable——"

"Not her," said Johnny. "*Her!*"

"So you fell for it?"

Johnny nodded.

"Yes, I fell for it."

"Well, well, well!"

Nervously Johnny pulled his tie.

"We've been writing to each other now once a week for three months. She writes top-hole letters, too. Just the sort of letters a man likes to get."

"Well, well well!" said Private Watts.

"Ann Winter. . . . Top-hole name," reflected Johnny.

"Get on with it," advised Private Watts.

Johnny got on with it.

"Well, one thing led to another," he said. At which Private Watts grinned.

"Don't it just!" he chuckled.

"And to-day," proceeded Johnny "*to-day*, home on leave, I'm *invited* Tea—dinner. . . . Turkey, Christmas pudding, fun and games. . . . I'm supposed to be there at three."

"Well, good-bye," said Private Watts.

"It's all very well," said Johnny, "being funny about it, but don't you see the mess I'm in? She may be *awful!*"

"Don't you know?" asked Private Watts.

"No, I don't. I didn't like to write and ask her for her photograph. And she never offered to send one. Now I'm here, on the spot, and the hour's all ready to strike, as the saying goes. I don't mind admitting I've got the breeze-up."

"Ann Winter. . . . Top-hole name," said Private Watts.

"Yes, I know. You can't go by names. She may be *dire*," said Johnny.

"So what?" Private Watts wanted to know.

Johnny looked at Private Watts. Private Watts continued to stare and grin. Johnny looked away quickly.

Then suddenly he got up and took his glass to the counter.

"Same again," he said to the landlord. "*And* a pint."

He took the glasses back to the velvet seat and placed the pint in front of Private Watts.

"Ah!" exclaimed Private Watts, and took a deep drink. Then he said, "So what?"

"The point is," said Johnny, "if I go round and she *is* nothing but Exhibit A I'm for it."

"So what?" said Private Watts.

JOHNNY hesitated a fraction of a second, then groped over the side of the seat and plucked something from the folds of his overcoat, hanging on a peg. This he carefully unwrapped and placed on the table in front of Private Watts. It was a bunch of bright red roses.

"For me?" said Private Watts.

"I was going to take them with me," said Johnny, "but I've got a better idea. If you take them round and explain that I've been detained at the War Office for ten minutes or so, but am coming on. . . . Well, you see. If you *would* help a fellow-warrior in distress. Sort of spy out the land. If she's awful, I scoot. If she's O.K.——"

"Where does she live?" Private Watts enquired. "North Wales?"

"Just round the corner, past the station. Anlaby Mansions. Flats they are. She's number nine."

Private Watts, as already told, was a quick thinker. His knapsack was on the floor at his side. Unseen by Johnny, he pushed it under the seat with his foot. Then he picked up the roses.

"What name are they from?"

"Somers," said Johnny. "John Somers."

"Okey-doke." Private Watts nodded and went to the door, doing another bit of quick thinking. "Captain? Major?"

"Just ordinary private," said Johnny.

"Okey-doke."

Up the street and past the station Private Watts had time for a bit of slow thinking for once. Tea, dinner. Turkey, Christmas pudding, fun and games. . . .

And Ann Winter. . . .

He could always say, "Confound it,

(*Continued on opposite page*)

10 drops act in 15 minutes

If you're merely pecking at your food, not caring whether you eat or not, take ten drops (or two tablets) of Phosferine a quarter of an hour before your next meal and see what a difference there is. There's nothing like Phosferine for bracing you up when you feel run down, and generally out of sorts.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

PHOSFERINE

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
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Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

JB

3-Minute Mystery

Highway Murder

"He was shot at close range," said Captain Connolly, bending over the chauffeur's body

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY, of the Intelligence, glanced at the body of Private Jackson, the General's chauffeur. There was an ugly bullet wound in the man's right temple.

"He was shot at close range," he remarked to Lieutenant Smythe. "I'd say the gun was held within four or five inches of his head."

Connolly swung around and beckoned to a civilian standing beside the staff car.

"You might tell us, once again, just what happened, Mr. Blain, and how you came to be in the car with Jackson," he requested.

"He gave me a lift," Arthur Blain explained. "I was walking to Perchester and I hailed this car and asked for a ride. The driver didn't seem too eager to give me a lift. Then he said, 'Oh, well. I might as well take a risk. Hop in. It might be as well to have someone else along in case I run into trouble.'"

"Did you ask what he meant?"

"He told me he had to meet someone he didn't like, and he thought it might develop into a fight. He wouldn't say any more. He stopped the car here, telling me this was where he was to meet 'the fellow.' Before I knew what was happening, a man jumped out from behind these bushes, leaned over in front of me and shot Jackson. He ran away."

"What did you do?"

"For a moment I was too startled to do anything. Then, as I was looking to see whether Jackson was dead, two other chaps came up. I know one of them, so I asked them to help me. The fellow I know—Harris—telephoned a doctor and the police."

"Would you know the killer again?"

"I don't think I would."

Connolly beckoned to Harris.

"We heard a shot," Harris explained, "so we ran up to see what had happened."

"Did you see the murderer?"

"We didn't get here until about half a minute after the shot."

"Actually you *did* see the murderer," Connolly remarked, "but you didn't know it."

He looked at Blain.

"The game's up, Blain!" he said. "I'm arresting you."

WHY DID HE ACCUSE BLAIN OF MURDER?

(*See page 20*)

Tin Hats are 3,000 Years Old

By a Military Expert

EVERY week scores of devices for finishing the war quickly are submitted to the authorities, but usually the inventors have to be told that their ideas are already listed on official files.

Many of the inventors refuse to believe that other brains have anticipated them.

When they have submitted their death-dealing schemes to me, I daren't tell them that the origin of their invention is lost in the mists of time.

Actually, there is little new in modern warfare. Even "Blitzkrieg" is "storming" by another name.

Poison gas was used 400 years before the Christian era. The Boetian Napoleon, General Pagondas, determined to take a fort that had resisted every weight of arms and men, hollowed out a huge tree, lined it with bronze, and fitted at one end a stove equipped with a chimney to which a giant pair of bellows was attached.

The contraption was pushed to the wooden ramparts of the fort.

SOLDIERS concealed in the tree poured sulphur and pitch on the redhot charcoal of the stove. Colleagues worked the huge bellows. Sulphur gas poured into the fort.

Hundreds of men were asphyxiated.

Hundreds more surrendered, choked into helplessness. The rest fled.

That story is filed in the "ideas" cabinet of every military Power in Europe.

Three Romans—Heron, Philon and Vitruvus—left details of quick-firers! The Vitruvus model fired 150 arrows a minute when the gunner turned a handle.

The first gunpowder machine-gun was invented at the beginning of the 17th century. It was called "the organ," an apt description, because it had an immense number of gun-barrels on one carriage.

Arabs used "flying fish," now known as aerial torpedoes, in the 13th century.

IN the same cabinets you would find accounts of how the Persian King Xerxes (458-465 B.C.) camouflaged his soldiers; how the Greeks advanced behind shields camouflaged to look like surrounding territory.

Ancient Egyptians trained tremendous African elephants to advance against an enemy to crush them and to cover advancing troops. The tank idea in embryo!

The Hindus trained lighter, more mobile and cunning Indian elephants. The embryo whippet tank.

Small wonder that Romans, equipping their chariots with shields, put them to the same use.

Hundreds of years later Leonardo da Vinci actually designed a vehicle not unlike the tank.

Leonardo da Vinci suggested balloons as a weapon of destruction. Napoleon considered a scheme of building 2,000 monster balloons to destroy England, his arch-enemy!

The tin-hat is 3,000 years old.

And the German-pattern helmet was fashionable in Cyprus a few thousand years ago.

Should you have an idea for finishing the war within a few weeks, don't let all this dissuade you.

If it is any good at all there are 99 chances that somebody used it when man painted himself with woad and that others have been improving on it ever since. But there's the chance that it might be really new!

CONTINUING WILL SCOTT'S STORY

I've left my knapsack in the station. 'Scuse me—I shan't be a minute."

And dash back to the Nine Needles and say, "Boy, she's a cross between something out of the Zoo and something out of the Zoo. Bolt while the bolting's easy."

And then——Ann Winter.

"Nice work," thought Private Watts, "if you can get it. And how easily you can!"

Anlaby Mansions.

In. Up. Number nine.

A little card on the door, with the printed name MISS ANN WINTER.

"Ah!" thought Private Watts.

He pressed the bell. And before he could take his thumb off it the door opened.

He found himself looking at her.

"Mr. Somers?" she cried. "*Do* come in! Welcome home on leave!"

She was all smiles. It was like the cracks in a landscape suffering from earthquake. Her face was like the front of an old Fiat. She was sixty.

"He's—er—sent these," Private Watts babbled. "He's been detained—War Office—ten minutes. Coming along."

"Oh, yes?" said she.

"Good-bye," said Private Watts.

On the way back to the pub. he mopped his brow. And did a bit more quick thinking.

Johnny still sat on the velvet seat, waiting. Private Watts subsided behind his scarcely tasted pint.

"Good?" said Johnny.

"Perfect!" said Private Watts.

"Oh." Johnny, cautious, even now, slipped his gloves down the side of the seat. You can't be too careful.

"Well, I'll be getting along," he said. "Thanks for everything. Good man!"

"Oh, well," thought Private Watts, "it's the way of the world. He said port and a cigar. Still, I've had a pint. And a laugh."

Ten minutes later Johnny was back in the Nine Needles, slapping a khaki shoulder at the end of the bar.

"Boy," he said, "you under-estimated. She's peaches *and* cream. Perfect *and* perfect. It's a *bottle* of port and a *box* of cigars for you."

The khaki shoulder turned.

"You might have warned me about the aunt," said Johnny. "She's a dragon. Not that she matters. But just for the minute, when she opened the door, I thought——"

He gaped at Private Smithers.

They both looked surprised.

"Oh, it's not you," said Johnny.

"Of course it's me!" said Private Smithers.

"I mean——" Johnny appealed to the landlord. "Where's the other one?"

"Your friend, sir?" said the landlord.

"Seemed to be in a most awful hurry. Just chucked back his pint, like, and bolted."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Johnny.

He retrieved his gloves from the side of the velvet seat.

"It *is* a funny world," he said.

And went back to Ann.

Coughed WITHOUT CEASING for 4 months

Read the experience of Mrs. H.C. of Burnley:

Now her life has become worth while

"During the winter months, my cough was worse than ever. I have coughed whole nights through without ceasing, for at least four months. . . . I tried remedy after remedy and life became a nightmare. At last, I tried Famel Syrup, but that night found me sleeping peacefully for at least seven hours. After having two bottles, I am now free from coughing and enjoy better health. Life has at last become worth while. When friends say how well I look, I always reply, 'Yes, thanks to Famel Syrup.'"

. . . and Mr. H. E. L., of Mansfield, got instant relief after the first two doses

"I had a very bad cough for about three years, and could not get rid of it, when a friend recommended your syrup. After the first two doses, I felt instant relief."

★ ★ ★

We could quote thousands of cases of the miraculous way that Famel has brought instant, certain relief to stubborn, long-standing, chronic coughs, after everything else had failed.

There's nothing like Famel . . . it's the only cough medicine that contains soluble lactocreosote—one of the most powerful germicides in existence—that goes direct into the blood-stream, destroying the germs and microbes that are the major cause of all coughs and lung ailments.

Doctors, hospitals, and sanatoria everywhere use and recommend Famel (brand) Syrup. Get a bottle to-day and take it regularly. 1/6 and 3/- per bottle.

FAMEL BRAND **SYRUP**

Conquers Coughs

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

HUMANIST'S PAGE

My wife makes me feel like a worm. . . . She taunts me because I am only five feet in height. She never mentioned it before we married, but now she makes me writhe by always addressing me as her "little man." She'll drive me mad.

"I am a JOKE HUSBAND"

"She can't resist teasing me," says the bewildered husband. "As soon as she sees me reading she starts a conversation with herself. She hates reading"

THIS is typical of many letters I receive every week from persons suffering from an inferiority complex.

Sometimes I feel that half the people in the country are thoroughly miserable because they are either too fat or too thin, too tall or too short. Anything that is not normal.

The man I have quoted says his wife is ashamed of him because he is so small.

"She can't resist teasing me," he says. "She hates reading and as soon as she sees me reading she starts a conversation with herself.

"Having been on the stage, she is able to do this so well that she makes me feel a fool.

"If I suggest doing anything—going to the pictures, for instance—she is bound to veto it. She will say, 'Does the little man want to see the pretty pictures, then?'

"She likes the cinema and we often go, but only when she makes the suggestion.

"She talks at me in front of my friends.

"I know it is stupid," he adds, "but I drink more than I should to give myself courage. In spite of everything, I still think my wife is wonderful. Yet her attitude towards me is slowly sapping all my confidence and self-respect.

"Her mockery has even made me afraid to open a book."

It is grossly unfair to ridicule a man because he is small, and only a woman with a streak of cruelty in her nature would do such a thing.

That is the trouble. The wife is probably dissatisfied with life and she therefore takes it out of her husband. She enjoys seeing him "squirm" before her attacks.

I am asked for advice. What can he do?

He might become savage and retaliate;

He might leave his wife altogether;

He might even make up his mind to endure with patience and fortitude, which sounds the most Christian to do; but I should hate to think of the man's going through life continually persecuted in his own home.

If he told his wife that he seriously thought of separating she might change her attitude.

PROBABLY he should deliver an ultimatum. "Stop this everlasting persecution or I leave you." But it would have to be said as though he meant it. Otherwise he might be laughed at.

Far different is the trouble of a woman whose dearest friend, crippled financially by war, is always taunting her about her children being kept by the State in an evacuation area.

"My children were evacuated when war started," writes my correspondent, "and my friend, a single girl in a good position, blames people with children for the increase in income tax.

"She is very insulting about people not keeping their own children.

"Yet my husband's wages are so small that we cannot afford to pay 6s. a week for each child.

"Now I don't want to lose her friendship, and I was careful not to say anything to hurt her feelings, even when she said that people bring children into the world to satisfy their own sinful lusts, yet expect others to provide for them.

"Every time I see her she has more to say on the same subject. I wonder whether other mothers have had to put up with this sort of thing."

The idea that parents bring children into the world to satisfy their own "sinful lusts" is nonsense. Natural instincts are implanted within us for a definite purpose.

CHILDREN are too important to be left to caprice.

They are national assets and their safety is the concern of the nation. We all contribute to their well-being in such matters as school medical service, school dentistry, and education.

In peace we provide the poorest children with free milk and free dinners. In war time we must look after their safety.

We all have to help in proportion to our resources.

The writer of the letter should try to explain this quietly to her friend, yet say nothing that she is likely to regret.

If the friend is not convinced by arguments, there is nothing for it but to wait until she has grown accustomed to the idea.

It is always futile to try curing an emotion with logic.

Not long ago I printed a letter from a man who objected to mothers being evacuated with their children and asked readers to express their opinions on the subject.

I was impressed by a letter in which a reader said that the advantages and disadvantages of evacuation should be carefully thought out by the husband and wife concerned.

"Evacuation of the wife to a country district is supposed to give her greater safety," he continues. "Against this must be set the break-up of home life for an indefinite period.

"This entails domestic duties and loneliness for the husband. The obvious thing is for him to join a club or society.

"THE wife will be equally lonely in a small country place, and presumably will seek similar diversion.

"The situation at best means that the husband and wife will be living separate lives. Living for and with each other will be gone temporarily.

"In many cases it may be found difficult to regain the old relationship in its true spirit after the separation. This will have increasing weight as the period of separation lengthens.

"The only advantage of separation lies in the greater security of one of the two partners. Even this may be merely theoretical.

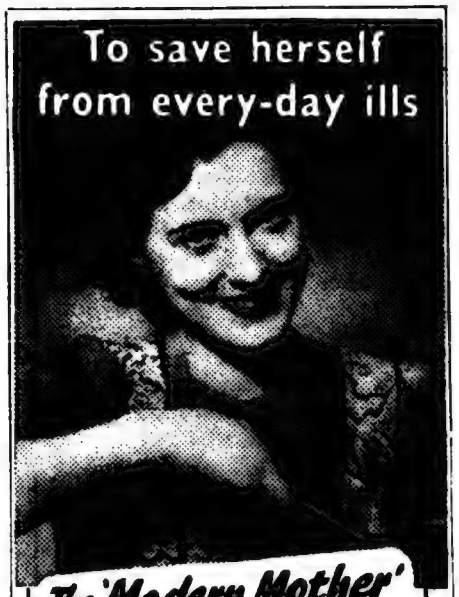
"If indiscriminate bombing does occur, the reception areas, with their absence of shelters, will be at least as dangerous as well-protected cities.

"When they are free to choose, the husband and wife, whether living in a danger zone or in a safety area, would be wise to think twice before separating.

"Separation is inevitable for men in the Service. There is no choice at all, and the discords that follow are but one price that society has to pay for indulging in war, righteous or otherwise."

I don't agree with everything in this letter, yet it presents a point of view that deserves considering.

● *HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.*



The 'Modern Mother' takes Beechams Pills

Mothers take Beechams Pills to avoid constipation, and so to keep slim, active and never over-tired. Beechams Pills are gentle, natural, effective and reliable. They are purely vegetable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some for yourself, today.

Worth a Guinea a Box

YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IRON

DID you know just *how* precious the iron in your blood is to you—that in fact iron means life itself? For you depend on the iron in the red cells of your blood to extract oxygen from the air you breathe. And without oxygen you cannot live. So, you see, your mental and bodily well-being depends more than you think on the amount of iron you get.

But how can you be sure of getting enough iron? The food we eat and the fluids we drink should supply it. But hardly one in a hundred gets enough iron in the daily diet in the ordinary way. That is why so many doctors nowadays advise taking Keystone Burgundy with meals. Keystone Burgundy is especially rich in iron because it is made from grapes grown on the iron-bearing soil of Australia.

The point to remember is, the iron in Keystone is *natural* organic iron. It is easily taken up by your blood, and does not cause digestive disturbance, constipation, headaches, and other troubles which are so often brought on by so-called "iron medicines" which contain iron in "inorganic" form. Besides, taking "iron medicine" is one of the less pleasant things in life but taking iron-rich Keystone Burgundy is one of the pleasures.

Give yourself the benefit of iron in such pleasant, such effective form. Enjoy appetite-creating Keystone with your very next meal!

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 5s. 0d., half-flagons 2s. 6d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (91)

THE FOURTH ARM OF DEFENCE

THIS war will be won by the power of our money as well as by the valour of our men. To save and lend is the duty of the citizen.

"Finance is the fourth arm of defence," says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "no less important than the other three, and if finance fails then the whole of the prop that sustains our war effort will collapse."

Save your way to Victory

Six million pounds a day—that is what our effort is costing. *And we can pay it—if you will save and lend.* The amount to lend is all you can—and the time to lend is NOW!

TWO GILT-EDGED SECURITIES

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Free of Income Tax

Price 15s. Value after 5 years 17s. 6d. After 10 years 20s. 6d., which equals interest at £3. 3s. 5d. per cent. Can be cashed at a few days' notice with interest accrued. No one may hold more than 500 Certificates including earlier Issues.

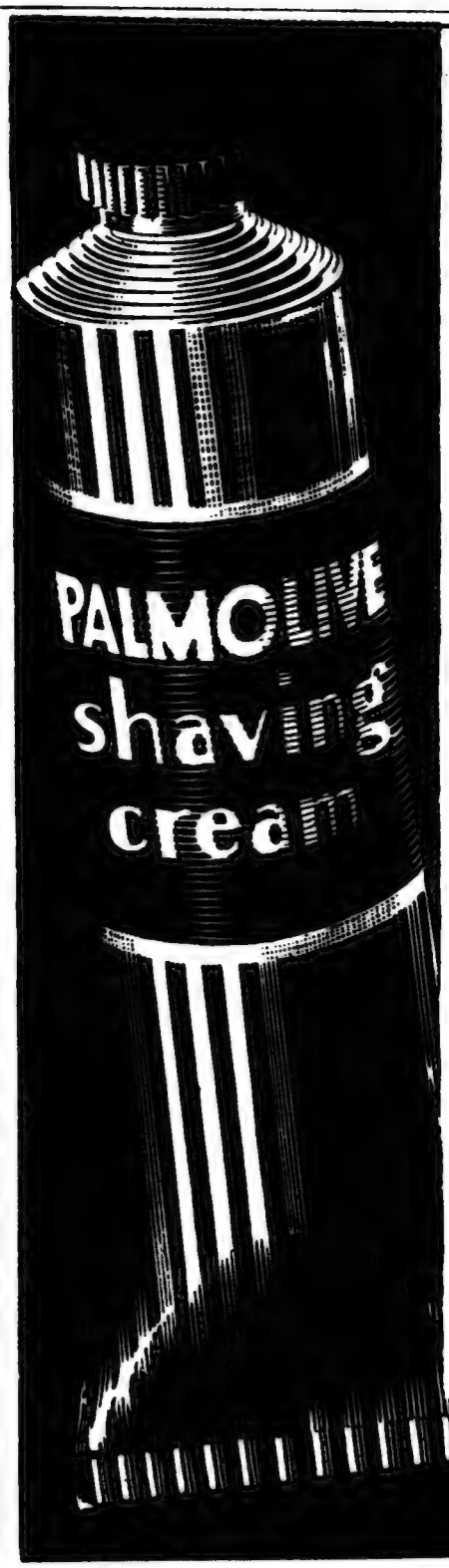
DEFENCE BONDS

(*Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks Issue*)

£5 and multiples of £5. Interest at 3% per annum. Income Tax NOT deducted at source. Repayable at par 7 years after purchase plus premium of £1 per cent; or can be cashed for full value on 6 months' notice; or in case of need within a few days. Maximum individual holding £1,000.

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE



HAVE YOU JOINED PALMOLIVE'S

FIVE POINT PACT

AGAINST WHISKER AGGRESSION?

Palmolive's the biggest of all checks on whiskers! More chins are de-bristled every morning by Palmolive than by any other shaving preparation. Is there a reason? Listen — *here's five of the best:*

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2 Softens the beard in one minute.

3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.

5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6D 1/- 1/6D

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Thanks to FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS which rapidly remove the after-effects of Bronchitis, Colds, Influenza, etc.

6d. A PACKET. ALSO IN GLASS TUBES AT 1/6 AND 2/-

insist on FENNINGS'

OVER 70 YEARS' REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS • COWES • ISLE OF WIGHT

A. W. HELLIWELL, continuing his brilliant stories of Giants of the Ring, describes the greatest fight of Bold Bendigo, the Hammer-Fisted evangelist

He Quit the Ring to FIGHT DEVILS!

WILLIAM ABEDNEGO THOMPSON had been to jail twenty-eight times for his knuckle-fighting escapades before boredom finally drove him to attend one of the prison chaplain's Sunday morning services.

Fate must have been in puckish mood that day. The sermon, based on the story of David and Goliath, fascinated the notorious old "pug."

Enthralled, he listened, his tough and rough-hewn countenance thrust eagerly forward. He did not miss a single word.

After the last hymn had been sung he contrived to lay a detaining hand, broken and misshapen by years of prize fighting, on the preacher's surplice.

"Guv'nor," said he, shaking his head in honest admiration, "that David feller must 'ave bin a real good 'un fer a lightweight. The way yer told it reminded me of me fight with Ben Caunt."

Incredible though it may sound, this sermon made Thompson, better known to the Fancy as Bold Bendigo, renounce the prize ring and embark on a picturesque career as an evangelist.

From that day until he died, at sixty-nine, this one-time champion of England and conqueror of Deaf Burke the Terrible, never raised his fist in anger.

The sporting world saw no more of him.

He travelled the country spreading the Word of God.

He had no education and nothing except a powerful pair of lungs to commend him as an orator, but his quaint and unorthodox methods of delivering his message attracted enormous crowds.

He died as "deeply religious as any archbishop," yet in the ring his reputation had been shady. He was shifty and not over-scrupulous when it came to turning the tide of battle in his own favour.

A friend who met Bendigo soon after his conversion to religion asked him when he would be appearing in the ring again.

"Never," said Bendy proudly. "I'm fighting Satan now."

"Well," the other replied knowingly, "I hope you fight him more fairly than you did Ben Caunt, or my sympathies will be with the devil."

Ben Caunt, 6 ft. 2½ in. in height and weighing nearly sixteen stone, a mountainous and powerful bruiser, gave Bendigo two of his most gruelling fights.

Among the strongest pugilists of all time, Caunt had a trick of wrapping his enormous arms about an opponent, hugging him until his ribs cracked.

YET he could not knock out the cunning Bendigo. Never particular of how he won, this hammer-fisted fighter employed a trick that had served him well in many fights.

As quick as a panther on his feet, Bendy could strike with the speed of a snake. He would get in his blow, then slip to the ground to avoid retaliation.

To fall without being struck was a foul, yet he usually masked his knavery with sufficient skill to avoid detection.

This annoying trick was calculated to cause the man upon whom it was played to see red. It happened in Bendigo's first encounter with Caunt.

Seeing the smaller man grinning at the success of his ruse, Ben lost his head and went charging madly across the ring to deal Bendy a tremendous buffet while he was still on his second's knee.

It was no more than Bendy deserved, but it cost the unfortunate Caunt the fight. He was promptly disqualified.

Three years later they met again.

The second fight ended even more sensationally. Bendigo lost on a foul.

Dwarfed though he was by his gigantic opponent, he slowly wore him down until after seventy-five terrific rounds Caunt was so groggy that they were betting 3-1 on Bendy.

> ● *Never particular how he won, the hammer-fisted Bendigo employed a trick that served him well in many fights. But he couldn't use them against the Devil!*

When he had as good as won the fight Bendigo went down without being struck. He protested that he had been handicapped through not wearing his proper boots and had slipped, but he was ordered to his corner and the fight awarded to Ben.

Bendigo, born in Nottingham, was one of triplets, dubbed Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

"Abednego" was too much of a mouthful for the Fancy to shout in exciting moments of a desperate "mill." So it became Bednego, then Bendigo.

AS Bold Bendigo he rose to fame and considerable fortune, a fast and devastating fighter of infinite resource with a sledgehammer punch in either "bunch of fives."

He won the championship a hundred years ago from James Burke, the "Deaf 'Un," who could hit so hard that he killed a man with his bare fists.

Burke was a dangerous customer, immensely strong and tireless. His reputation as a "killer" was enough to make most men fight shy of him.

Bold Bendigo feared no man, and as he jumped lightly into the ring he flashed a good-humoured, tolerant smile at the "Deaf 'Un."

This fight also ended with stunning suddenness.

Bleeding from a dozen gashes, sagging at the knees with weariness, and scarcely able to breathe, Burke suddenly clutched Bendigo by the shoulders and deliberately butted him with his head.

"Foul!" they roared from Bendy's corner. Foul it was. It was a vicious assault and left him pale and shaken.

THUS he became champion of England, this strange character of the prize ring, who was, as I have already told you, to end his days spreading the Gospel.

On the memorial they built to him in his native town the inscription read: "In memory of William Thompson (Bendigo), who died August 23, 1880, aged sixty-nine. In life always brave, fighting like a lion; in death like a lamb, tranquil in Zion."

An odd epitaph for a prize fighter, but, then, not even in the days of the Fancy did you meet a Bold Bendigo every day!

DOES YOUR STUFFY NOSE SPOIL SLEEP

. . . and make you snore?

HERE'S GOOD NEWS: If your nose is stuffed up at night and makes breathing difficult, put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol brand nasal medicament up each nostril.

RESULTS ARE SO GOOD because Vick-Vatronol is expressly designed for the nose and upper throat, where congestion often hinders breathing. You can actually *feel* Vick-Vatronol clearing clogging mucus, shrinking swollen membranes, so you can breathe freely again.

TRY IT TONIGHT—enjoy the comfort Vick-Vatronol brings. Wonderful relief for head-colds, too.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol to "Vick," 212, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

PROTECT YOUR THROAT GO SUCK A ZUBE 3d and 6d in flat tins

ACID STOMACH WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache, caused by too much food, drink, smoke—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it today; you'll be delighted. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

ACTS UP TO ITS NAME!

The Family Remedy for

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA BRONCHITIS, CATARRHAL ASTHMA SHORTNESS OF BREATH, CHRONIC COUGH NIGHT COUGHING ATTACKS CHILDREN'S COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH

Sold Everywhere 1/3 & 3/- Per Bottle

I ALWAYS PUT MY BEST FRUIT FORWARD
SAYS Master Okay
—the Saucy Boy.
Prices as usual
All all good Stores
MASON'S O.K THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Rheumatism

PAIN fades out as SLOANS soaks in

The wonderful thing about Sloans Liniment is its quick action; you never have to wait long for relief. Sloans starts to ease the pain at once. Almost as soon as you apply Sloans you feel a soothing warmth steal through the aching part and the pain begins to fade away. Sloans brisks up the circulation of health-giving blood, thus dispersing congestion in the tissues and bringing ease and relief to the suffering nerves and aching joints.

Here's the Pain Where's the SLOANS?

Try Sloans and you will understand why for fifty years it has been famed for its wonderful power to KILL PAIN.

Apply Sloans just where you feel the pain for quick relief from

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHEST COLDS MUSCULAR AND NERVE PAINS

Get a bottle of Sloans Liniment today. Sold by all Chemists 1/9 per bottle.

SLOANS KILLS *Liniment* PAIN

PILES

Are Wonderfully Relieved by **Zam-Buk**

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk OINTMENT for EXTERNAL piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

SPECIAL EXTENSION

CLOSING SHORTLY HURRY!

HAD YOURS YET?

READERS everywhere have been quick to take advantage of the extension of the offer of "John Bull's" great Gift to its readers, made in last week's issue. If you have not yet applied, ACT QUICKLY. Vouchers will be accepted as 2/9 and 7/6 respectively, in part payment for "John Bull's" superb Writing Sets.

A TYPICAL LETTER OF APPRECIATON.

"I am writing with a 'John Bull' pen I had from you 19 years ago." E. I. G., Newton Abbot, Devon.

John Bull VALUE 2/9

Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st January, 1940.

No. A 71,435

ONE OR BOTH *take your choice*

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set No. 1. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat SOLID GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull VALUE 7/6

Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st January, 1940.

No. B 71,435

IMPORTANT
LET US SEND IT FOR YOU.

If you wish to make a present, why not let us send the Writing Set direct to your friend—all you need do is to put his name and address on the Gift Coupon below. We will enclose your own Card if you desire.

BRITISH MADE

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment for "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe No. 2. The Pen has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has an inlaid band of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Butterfly effect.

"John Bull's" Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9 which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 3/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 4/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6 which please accept in part payment for the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/- plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B.6/1/40

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

COMING home in the "black-out," a friend blundered into a lamp-post. Bleeding terribly, he walked to a first-aid post and asked the men inside to treat him.

"It's more than we dare do," they said, "unless you are a victim of an air raid."

Not until next day could he see a doctor, who put four stitches in the wound.—O. D., Sutton Heath Road, St. Helens, Lancashire.

SOME COUNTIES HAVE HUNDREDS OF THESE POSTS SO CRAMMED WITH MEDICAL NECESSITIES THAT A DEFINITE SHORTAGE HAS BEEN CREATED AMONG WHOLESALERS.

FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO GET SUPPLIES, DOCTORS ARE HAVING TO PAY GROTESQUE PRICES, YET THE FIRST-AID STATIONS WILL NOT DISGORGE.

HOW ABOUT IT, MINISTRY OF HEALTH?

He was Desperate!

MY son has been driven to take his life at the age of twenty-eight through unemployment and man's inhumanity. Highly intellectual, his life showed great promise, but because he made an attempt on his life many years ago when depressed through unemployment he was ostracised and refused a normal man's place in the world.

Realising that he would never be given another chance, he decided to leave a world that would not forget one rash act.

I have read of a man who made three attempts at suicide, yet lived to win a place in the sun. It was Lord Clive of India.

We must have lost a lot of common humanity since those days.—Mrs. S. J. K., Cog Lane, Burnley.

"IT ISN'T LACK OF HUMANITY," SAID A POLICE COURT MISSIONER, COMMENTING ON THIS LETTER. "IT IS LACK OF UNDERSTANDING. PEOPLE ATTEMPTING SUICIDE ARE OFTEN NO MORE THAN SICK PEOPLE WHOSE SICKNESS SOON PASSES. WHEN CURED, THEY LOOK ON THEIR ACT WITH HORROR. FOR THE WORLD TO TREAT THEM AS OF A 'SUICIDE TYPE' IS TO DRIVE THEM TO DESPERATION."

Peers may "Blab"

IT doesn't seem democratic to me that peers should have a right to stay in the House of Commons during a secret session, while all commoners, except elected representatives of the people, have to withdraw.

If a private debate was being conducted in the House of Lords, I doubt whether our elected Members of Parliament would be allowed to remain.

What jurisdiction has the House of Commons over peers of the Realm to ensure that they don't "blab"?—R. D., Watson Street, Pallion, Sunderland.

WITHOUT DISCUSSING THE RIGHTS OR WRONGS, PEERS HAD NO RIGHT TO REMAIN. THEY WERE PERMITTED OUT OF COURTESY.

M.P.S HAVE BEEN ALLOWED, OUT OF COURTESY, TO ATTEND EVERY SITTING OF THE LORDS. A PEER WHO "BLABBED" WOULD BE SUBJECT TO THE DISCIPLINE OF HIS OWN HOUSE.

Smashed Communism

FEW Britons realise that Hitler won a great battle when he allowed Stalin to attack Finland.

Nazism has two enemies, Democracy and Communism.

By earning world loathing and contempt for Communism, the Fuehrer effectively disposed of one of them.

He has smashed the Communist front throughout the world beyond hope of recovery.—William Newall, 5, Blakehall Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

Women Conductors

WOMEN are appearing as omnibus conductors again all over the country. They will probably be employed as railway porters by the Spring.

All very well if unemployment disappears by that time. But women should be kept out of men's jobs while there are fit and eager men unemployed.—H. H. G., Linden Road, Littlehampton.

A "JOHN BULL" REPRESENTATIVE SAW MANY WOMEN WINDOW-CLEANERS ON A RECENT VISIT TO TYNESIDE. YET THERE WAS CONSIDERABLE UNEMPLOYMENT AMONG LOCAL MEN.

"Old Bill" Heroes

COLONEL E. P. Le BRETON, Chairman of the Dorset Education Committee, speaking at a Weymouth prize-giving, said it was wrong to gate-crash a war by lying about your age.

Really?

Surely the "white liars" who did this last time composed one of the war's most gallant bands.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

THOUSANDS OF MEN, LYING ABOUT THEIR AGES LAST TIME, GAVE WONDERFUL SERVICE. BUT THOUSANDS MORE BROKE DOWN AFTER THE COUNTRY HAD SPENT A LOT OF MONEY ON THEIR TRAINING. EVERYBODY MUST REMEMBER THE BRAVE "OLD BILLS," LIMPING BEHIND THE REGIMENT, FOOT-SORE AND BEATEN, ALONG THE ROADS OF FLANDERS.

Changing World

THOUSANDS of place names were changed through the last war. Constantinople became Istanbul; Helsingfors, Helsinki; Aix-la-Chapelle, Aachen, and St. Petersburg, Leningrad.

We've been changing them ever since.

Siam became Muang-Thai; the Irish Free State, Eire; Manchuria, Manchukuo, and Persia, Iran.

So pity the youngsters still at school. They will probably have to learn the map of Europe all over again.—David Hill, Agnes Street, Glasgow, N.W.

Greatest of These

His father needs your help.

MANY regular contributors to JOHN BULL'S "Greatest of These" Fund, now famed for the relief it brings to many hard-hit families, have written to confess that they can no longer help with their former generosity.

Increased cost of living and war time burdens are taking what few pence they had to spare before. We realise the terrible strain of making ends meet in war time, but we must also point out that the needs of suffering families are even greater now.

One reader, unable to contribute as liberally as before, has installed a "Greatest of These" money-box in her kitchen. Into it she now drops the odd halfpennies she receives in change during her shopping expeditions.

May we suggest that other readers do likewise? The Fund is meeting ever more pressing appeals.

We beg of you to help William Searles, of Barnsley, an unemployed ex-Serviceman, who has never really recovered from the ordeal of being held prisoner of war in Germany.

Unfit for work, he is in need of special nourishment, yet he has a wife and two children to support. The elder son, now seventeen, is unemployed.

We appeal to readers to send a donation to aid this deserving man. Mark envelopes "Prisoner" or for our General Fund, and send them to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. The current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge 5s. from S. G. (Southport).

Children's COUGHS

Clinic Doctor always uses 'Pineate'

When a *doctor* prescribes a remedy, you *know* it's good, don't you? Well, here's what Dr. A. F., physician at a large London clinic writes: "I feel I must write again regarding the continued good results I am obtaining with 'Pineate.' Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

There's simply nothing to touch 'Pineate' for children's coughs and bronchial troubles. One dose never fails to stop a cough—you can literally *feel* it doing you good. Get a 1/6 bottle from your chemist before that cough develops into something more serious.

"Pineate"
Brand HONEY Regd
COUGH-SYRUP

Mystery Solution

If an unknown assailant had leaned across Blain to shoot Jackson, who was driving, the bullet would have struck the victim either in the left side of the head or in the front. It could not have struck him in the *right* temple.

From the position of the wound, Connolly knew that Jackson had been shot by someone standing on the chauffeur's right.

He proved later that Blain had halted Jackson, intending to rob him. Through nervousness, he shot and killed him.

The arrival of Harris and the other man prevented him from robbing the body.

He invented the story of the "lift" and the mystery assailant to explain his own presence to Harris

£40 Failed

But Holloways Pills TRIUMPHED!

An Amazing Experience

"A friend of mine had been a severe sufferer for more than four years from liver trouble, together with indigestion, loss of appetite and general health breakdown. He had been under treatment for a considerable period and lately paid a bill of upwards of £40 without deriving the slightest benefit. At last he tried Holloways Pills, and, to his astonishment and surprise, they quickly effected a change for the better. After continuing for about a month he was restored to perfect health and has not experienced any symptoms since."

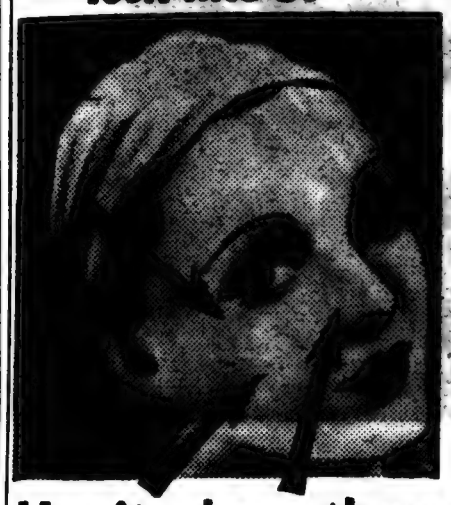
Woman Undergoes "Miraculous Change"

Read This Letter

"With every feeling of gratitude I hasten to tell you that for a long period I suffered from violent griping, vomiting and extreme debility, until I became so altered I could scarcely be recognised. After several treatments, which had no effect, I determined to take Holloways Pills. In a short time the pains ceased, and I regained health and strength, to the astonishment of all who witnessed the miraculous change effected solely by Holloways Pills."

No one whose health is poor can afford to ignore such wonderful examples. If you suffer from Anæmia, Biliousness, Constipation, Debility, Headaches, Indigestion, Liver or Kidney Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nervinèss, Rheumatism or Sleeplessness—you should not hesitate to seek the grand health which comes from taking Holloways Brand Pills. Obtainable everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box.

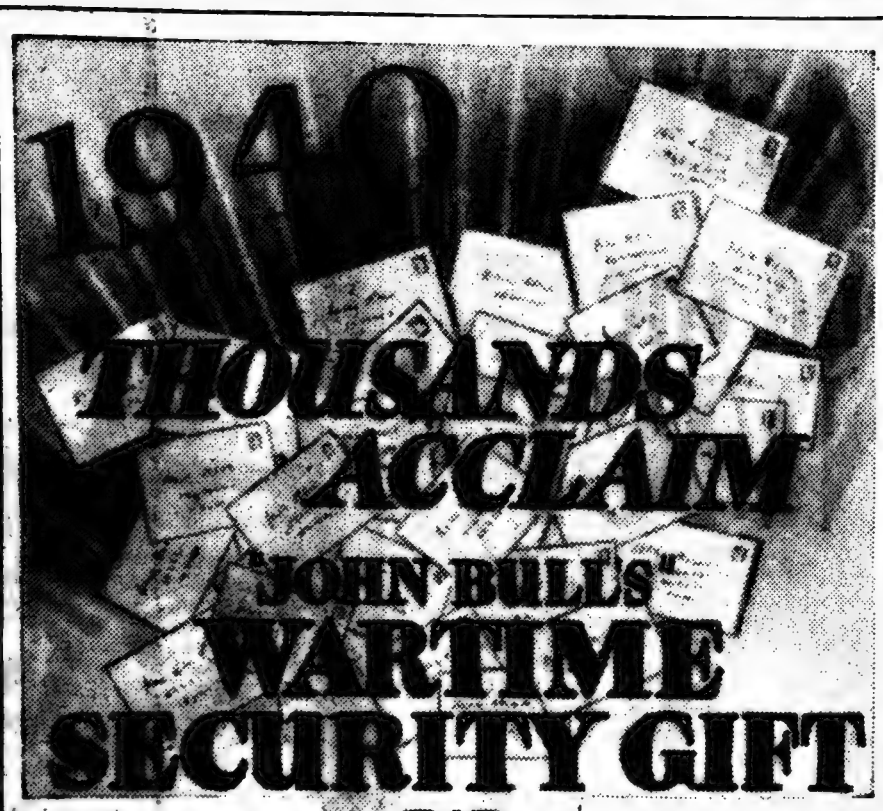
"Believe Me This Cream Of Milk Recipe will make the average woman of 50 look like 30"



Use it where these arrows point — then all over your face and neck

HERE is a quick way to make a wrinkled flabby, sagging skin, fresh, firm and young. Mix one ounce of pure cream of milk (predigested by pancreatin) with one ounce of predigested olive oil, then mix with two ounces of best cream. This will nourish your skin and restore youthful freshness and beauty to an unbelievable extent. The great Sarah Bernhardt used this recipe to keep herself looking young and at 70 she played the parts of young women. This can be prepared by your chemist but the making of a small quantity is expensive. Crème Tokalon white colour (non-greasy) contains cream of milk, predigested and specially prepared with predigested olive oil for nourishing your skin. It is a true skin food. Successful results are guaranteed in every case or double your money will be refunded.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing new Tokalon Skinfood Creams—Rose for the night, White for the day. It also contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of latest Paris shades. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 422Z), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



FOR 1940

WITHIN a few hours of the announcement last week of "John Bull's" vital War Time Security Gift for 1940, numerous letters of heartfelt appreciation were received from readers.

The knowledge that "John Bull's" unique and momentous protection against the air menace is to carry on during the coming year is enabling readers to face this New Year with confidence and a renewed strong sense of security.

WHAT A READER SAYS:

"I cannot end without saying how much your latest War Risk Insurance must mean to thousands of families, and one trusts that every thinking man in the Kingdom has taken advantage of such a stupendous offer, which must be without parallel in the history of journalism."

L. F. R., Norwood.

Be prepared! If you have not yet done so, register for "John Bull's"

FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

Here are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance and Comprehensive Household Benefits:

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200	should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.
£100	for either.
	The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife.
£100	for loss of two limbs.
£100	for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100	for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50	for loss of one limb.
£50	for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY & HOUSE-BREAKING up to £500.

Use the Registration Forms below for "John Bull's" unique DOUBLE Security Gift. DO IT NOW!

ONE REGISTRATION COVERS BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date_____ .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 6/1/1940

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/1/1940.

BEWARE OF CATCHING

COLD or 'FLU

these chilly January days

Always Remember Phensic

"I have tried everything for colds and influenza and found that two tablets of Phensic gave me instant relief, bringing down the temperature immediately. All the family take a regular dose of Phensic now as a preventive." A letter received from a patient in London. You can get Phensic for 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

WAR LIVING UPSETS YOUR LIVER

When you feel rotten, wake up your liver bile without purgatives, and you'll feel grand!

The first part of your body to feel the bad effects of war-time worry, poor sleep and irregular meals is your liver. Your liver should pour out two pints of cleansing bile juice into your system every day. If it doesn't, your food just decays inside you. You feel tired, headachy, depressed. You have indigestion. You get constipated.

Ordinary laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement can't make you feel fit and able to face things with a smile. What you need are Carters Brand Little Liver Pills — harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Next morning you'll wake up feeling fitter than you've felt for years. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills today. 1/3 at all chemists.

Take

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

for all

CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

★A GENEROUS Sample of a remedy for all circulatory disorders is offered on the Back Cover. A free booklet explaining all about this remedy and how it assists in restoring elasticity to relaxed and devitalised veins will also be sent to those who fill in the Special Coupon.

FOR FREE SAMPLE—SEE BACK COVER.

MISS CARR and the CONVICT!

"I saw a policeman's angry face framed in the window—and he saw the crouching figure of my visitor. Then things began to happen swiftly."

Miss F. Carr, of Purser's Lane, Gomshall, Surrey, contributes this week's reader's true story of war time adventure, for which she receives five guineas. Eager to reveal such adventures, "John Bull" offers five guineas for every reader's story published. Told in a thousand words, the story must be about this war, and it must be true.

IN the early days of the war there was nobody more careless in the nightly task of fitting blinds.

Twice I was taken to task by our air-raid warden for forgetting altogether.

That was before I was called as a school-teacher to take charge of a party of evacuated children.

We travelled with our children, saw them installed in their new homes, gave special attention to those most distressed at being torn away from "mummy" and "daddy," and then looked out for our own quarters.

Another teacher and myself were lucky enough to find a little cottage on the fringe of the village. It had been unoccupied and the woman owner said we need not pay any rent.

Not really outside the village, the cottage was not really part of the tight-packed handful of habitations making the hamlet proper.

Anyhow, it was the loneliest house in the place. Behind it stretched acres and acres of woodland.

I loved it.

High up on a hill, and surrounded by beautiful countryside, the school was so different from my own school in a mean street in South-East London.

As far as evenings were concerned, my friend and I had different ways of enjoying ourselves.

She is a girl whose social instincts have been developed to the uttermost. There was scarcely a night when she did not go off to some place or other.

Although she always wanted me to go with her, I couldn't conquer my fear of meeting people.

So I stayed at home.

Twice the village constable warned me about lights. The black-out-bug had managed to follow me from London!

"As a school-teacher, miss, you ought to know better," he said.

For a few nights after his last visit my duties with the blinds were carried out in exemplary fashion.

Then just before dusk one evening I heard a step outside.

The policeman again?

No, it was not black-out time yet!

No doubt about those heavy boots.

I saw the door open.

This insolence was not like the policeman. Yet I could see that the caller was dressed in uniform.

Then a snarl. Before the visitor had advanced from the gloom into the half-light of the room I knew what I was up against, and all but fainted.

"Make a sound and I choke you," said the man. "I want some grub, and make it quick. Then I want some clothes and some money. And if you take my tip you'll hustle."

I could see the uniform now. It was the drab garb of a convict!

THERE was a jail not far from the village, and it needed no fast thinking to realise that this was an escaped prisoner.

Of my feelings as he forced me to find him food, flattered me about my appearance, told me what he would do to "mar my prettiness" unless I obeyed him, I cannot speak.

I do recall that as he made increasing inroads on my small store of food he became more and more amorous.

"Haven't seen a pretty girl for years," he said in this new wheedling mood.

He half rose from his chair, but sank again as if to continue talking until he had made his wishes better known.

"Just think . . . me and you alone here together. A man and a girl. It's years since I saw a girl, much less was shut up with one."

He exploded suddenly. "A light, I said. Get a light. I don't ask for things twice. A light."

I was so paralysed with terror that my wits seemed to have deserted me.

Then, like a flash, came an idea, a quick thought as to how I could find a way out of my plight.

It was a long shot.

I felt in the cupboard for a box of matches. With a prayer in my mind, I groped my way through the gloom to the stronger of our two oil-lamps.

With trembling fingers I lit it.

I found myself under the close inspection of the man who had forced his way into my cottage, but I was too overwrought to take much notice of him.

There was a horrible expression in his face, and he laughed, muttering something about a first kiss for luck.

Then he began to stalk me around the room.

During the eternity of that stalking I died a hundred horrible deaths. Then I found myself cornered, helpless now to escape the crooked, horrible hands of the intruder.

More firm footsteps outside.

Determined footsteps that told of anger. They came up the garden path, right up to the window.

"Put that light out!"

The constable couldn't wait to knock at the door.

"What the dickens is this," he shouted.

No time for arguing now that "a teacher should know better." There was an "I will prosecute" note in his voice.

I saw the policeman's angry face framed in the window, and *he* saw the crouching figure of my visitor.

"So that's it is it," shouted the policeman, and tearing the window open, he shot through.

A leap, a frantic effort by the convict to throw off the policeman, a break-away, and, half swooning, I saw the policeman throw the intruder to the floor.

ONE last struggle as the man was handcuffed. Surveying me from his seat on the recumbent man, the man in blue found breath to address me.

"I'll have to summon you for that light," he panted. "Convict or no convict, I can't have you offending again and again. If you obeyed the regulations people wouldn't know the cottage was occupied at night and you wouldn't get such visitors. I'll have to do something about it, I'm afraid."

"All right," I said. "Whatever they fine me it'll be cheap. Anyhow, don't you know why I put that lamp near an unshielded window? I knew you regarded me as a 'bad case' as far as blacking-out was concerned. I knew you turned an eye towards my windows every night round about black-out time.

"I *hoped* you would look to-night."

His eyes lit up with surprise.

"A sort of signal?" he asked.

"That's it," was my answer.

"Well, well, well," he said. "I always *did* say women have more brains than men. And now I'll take this chap to where he belongs."

He moved towards the door.

Halfway down the garden path I saw the police constable turn.

"That light," he shouted. "You'll have the whole German air force over. Why, you can see it a mile away."

BACKACHE

a symptom of Sluggish Kidneys

DO you wake up tired, nervy and depressed—back aching, limbs, muscles and joints stiff and sore? Is the urine disordered and bladder action painful?

These are the common symptoms of sluggish kidney action—troubles which suggest that tissue wastes and acids from your food are remaining in the blood instead of being filtered away by healthy kidneys.

Don't wait! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you fit again. This world-famed diuretic strengthens and invigorates the kidneys and overcomes chronic backache, urinary and bladder troubles, rheumatism, lumbago and renal dropsy.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

X-rayed 11 times for STOMACH TROUBLE

Do you suffer with your stomach? Do you know the agony of wind, Indigestion and stomach sickness? If so, read the letter below, and follow the good advice it contains.

"I have been a very bad sufferer with my stomach for nearly six years," writes Mr. J. H. "I have tried hundreds of remedies but have never had anything to do me as much good as your powder. I attended hospital a long time; they put me under X-ray 11 times and gave me lots of medicine, but never told me what my trouble was. I have not been able to eat a decent meal for nearly six years—but I am glad to tell you that after taking only three bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can now eat a good meal without getting any pain. I shall always recommend anybody suffering from stomach trouble to take your powder."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder (or tablets) will do the same for you. In hundreds of cases it has succeeded when all other means have failed.

Be sure to ask for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on carton, bottle or tin. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. New 6d. tin (15 Tablets). Economy pocket tin (25 tablets) 9d.

Struck down with severe RHEUMATISM

Are you a martyr to rheumatism? Do you have moments of despair, when you feel you will never again be released from stabbing agony and crippling stiffness? Take heart. Many another who has suffered in the same way is now in vigorous health again. Read these heartening words of Mr. M. D., of Leicester:

"I was struck down with a complicated form of rheumatism. A doctor friend of mine recommended Fynnon Salt. The result is that the rheumatic pains have entirely disappeared. I am now a fitter man than I have been for years."

Rheumatism does not come without cause. Usually the kidneys and liver have become "tired." Poisons and acid waste accumulate in bones, muscles and joints, racking you with pain and crippling your actions. Nature has provided a complete remedy for this condition in the three famous Spa elements—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, now available in Fynnon Salt.

A teaspoonful of Fynnon each day in a tumblerful of water immediately revives your sluggish organs. The poisons are dissolved and expelled in the way Nature intended. Stiffness gives place to easy movement. The searing pain and weariness go like magic. Good health returns in full measure. Get a large tin of Fynnon Salt to-day—only 1/3 from your chemist.

YOUR POOLS NOTES

By "Poolex"

THE home and away form of all the teams playing in the English and Scottish regional competitions is graded in these four classes:

D. Dependable team.

E. Erratic team.

B. Team playing better than expected.

W. Team playing worse than expected.

This analysis, made by comparing expert predictions with actual results, shows which teams can be depended on to produce the results expected. Follow the form forecasts for dependable teams; avoid the erratic teams wherever possible.

South A	H	A	South B	H	A
Arsenal	D	W	Aldershot ..	B	E
Charlton ..	W	W	Bournem'uth	D	E
Clapton O. .	E	B	Brentford ..	D	E
Crystal P. ..	B	E	Brighton ..	W	D
Millwall	E	E	Chelsea	W	E
Norwich ..	B	D	Fulham	W	D
Southend ..	E	D	Portsmouth .	W	D
Spurs	E	W	Queen's P. R.	D	B
West Ham ..	B	E	Reading ..	D	B
Watford	B	D	S'thampton .	E	D
South-Western			**East Midland**		
Bristol C. ..	B	D	Barnsley ..	E	D
Bristol R. ..	W	B	Chesterfield .	D	B
Cardiff	W	D	Doncaster ..	E	D
Newport ..	W	D	Grimsby ..	D	E
Plymouth ..	D	W	Lincoln	E	E
Swansea ..	D	B	Mansfield ..	D	W
Swindon ..	D	E	Notts C. ..	W	D
Torquay ..	B	D	Notts F. ..	W	D
			Rotherham .	B	D
North-Western			Sheffield U. .	D	B
Accrington .	B	D	Sheffield W. .	W	D
Barrow	E	D			
Blackburn ..	D	D	**Midland**		
Blackpool ..	B	D	Birm'ham ..	E	E
Bolton	D	W	Coventry ..	W	D
Barnley ..	D	D	Leicester ..	W	E
Bury	B	B	Luton	E	D
Carlisle	D	D	N'thampton .	B	B
Oldham	E	W	Walsall	D	D
Preston N.E.	D	E	W. Bromwich	D	D
Rochdale ..	D	D	Wolves	D	D
Southport ..	D	D			
North-Eastern			**Western**		
Bradford ..	B	B	Chester ..	E	D
Bradford C. .	D	B	Crewe	D	D
Darlington .	E	D	Everton	D	B
Halifax	W	B	Liverpool ..	W	E
Hartlepools .	D	E	M'chester C.	W	D
H'ddersfield .	W	B	M'chester U.	D	D
Hull	E	D	N. Brighton	D	D
Leeds	D	W	Port Vale ..	D	D
Middlesbro' .	D	W	Stockport ..	D	D
Newcastle ..	W	B	Stoke	D	E
York	B	E	Tranmere ..	D	D
			Wrexham ..	B	D
Scottish West			**Scottish East**		
Airdrie	E	B	Aberdeen ..	D	W
Albion R. ..	D	D	Alloa	D	B
Ayr	E	D	Arbroath ..	E	D
Celtic	W	E	Cowdenb'th .	D	E
Clyde	D	W	Dundee	D	B
Dumbarton .	W	D	Dundee U. ..	E	D
Hamilton ..	E	E	Dunfermline	E	W
Kilmarnock .	D	D	East Fife ..	D	B
Merton	B	D	Falkirk	D	D
Motherwell .	D	B	Hearts	D	B
Partick	W	D	Hibernian ..	W	B
Queen's P. ..	E	D	King's P. ..	E	D
Queen of S. .	D	B	Raith R. ..	D	D
Rangers	D	D	St. Bernards	D	B
St. Mirren ..	E	D	St. Johnst'ne	E	D
Third Lanark	W	D	Stenh'semuir	W	D

Write to "John Bull" About it

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER. Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY.—150 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, saucers, 6/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cyl. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burnham.

SELL from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Hawkmen should write to Dept. J. B., The Handsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

WHY do users of SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES recommend them to their friends? Try a box and you will know. 200 for 9d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios, 6d. per 100.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.I.T. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS reqd. urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.I.T. (Dept. 683), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1885 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

GENUINE WATERPROOF MACKINTOSHES for only 6/11. Full length, belted, all sizes. Real Lambswool Gauntlets, 6/11.—Burton Products, Burton House, 50/52, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

WALLPAPER direct from works. 250 patterns, post free. Delivery as usual. — OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

A GREAT GUIDE TO CAREERS — FREE.—The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, or the Public Services. Write to-day.—The School of Accountancy, 569, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 213, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a SPENCER Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MEN OLD AT 40. GET VIGOUR. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain RAW OYSTER stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force. Introductory price ONLY 1/9 a bottle. If not delighted with instant results, maker returns its LOW price. For sale at all chemists; all branches Boots' Timothy White's and Taylors.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 18E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto treatment. Send now, while you think of it. See Back Cover.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understrap, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Bluriden's, Dept. 1290, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET! If you're run-down, feeling tired, lack pep and attractiveness, learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.91), Watford, Herts, for an informative Free Book, "Iron Starvation: The Thief of Health and Strength." Write for this to-day!

EXTRA strength and fitness.—Daily Bovril helps you to ward off colds and chills because of its special power of stimulating the processes of assimilation: Bovril enables you to get full nourishment from your food and builds up your resistance. For cooking, too, you need have no fear of dull dishes, even when meat is short, so long as you cook with Bovril. It makes egg and vegetable meals extra appetising, for it adds the concentrated goodness of prime lean beef.

PAIN fades out as Sloans soaks in. Almost as soon as you apply Sloans you feel a soothing warmth steal through the aching part and the pain begins to fade away. It brings ease and relief to the suffering nerves and aching joints. Try Sloans and you will understand why for 30 years it has been famed for its wonderful power to kill pain. Sold by all Chemists at 1/9 a bottle.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422Z), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

FREE Authoritative booklet. Every home ought to have a copy, because it contains measures which will guard against infectious diseases such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Whooping Cough, Influenza, etc. You should take all measures to save health and life in your family, and the finest information on the prevention, recognition and restriction of all infectious diseases are contained in the special booklet, which can only be obtained from the makers of Sanitas. So write, mentioning *John Bull*, now, while you think of it, to The Sanitas Co., Ltd., Book Dept. J.B., 51, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (101C), Palace Gate, LONDON, W.8.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 23, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

PRINT AT HOME and Earn Pound Notes. Big Money-making opportunities waiting for you. New Adana Automatic Printing Machine needs no skill and easily operated. Send for Free Book.—D. A. Adana (Dept. J.B.), 11, Church Street, Twickenham.

FOOD from the Garden isn't rationed—grow your own Vegetables. Catalogue and Cultural Guide of Vegetable and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie and Co., Ltd., Seedsmen, Dept. J.B., Edinburgh, 7.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-War prices. 36/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Simpl. 200-hole board 3/9, and illus. cat., BURDON HUNTER, 36, Woodville Road, London E.11.

A NEW style Recipe Book free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Batchelor's Peas, Ltd., Sheffield, and a copy of their famous recipe book will be sent by return.

FREE! Get your boy to write or write yourself on his behalf for the free catalogue of Meccano products describing how bridges, towers and cranes can be built with Meccano products. A copy can be obtained post free. —Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. 37, Meccano, Ltd., Binns Road, Liverpool, 13.

THE TRUVOICE is a low-priced all-wave radio set of superlative quality. Get particulars of this to-day. Although only 6½ guineas, you can get it on H.-P. Terms. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for full details to Henri Selmer & Co., Ltd., 114, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

BIG New Year folder free. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Curry's, Ltd., Head Office, 61, West Road, Bromford, Middlesex, for selection of some of the finest Radio Sets at amazing cash-price bargains. The easiest of easy terms can be arranged if required. Particulars of Portable Sets, Radiograms, free home demonstrations, etc., are contained in this big new folder. Send for a copy now.

FREE.—Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a leaflet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 45), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

FREE catalogue of Ciro famous rings, pearls and jewellery. Ciro creations challenge the closest comparison with fine, real jewellery, however costly. These beautiful articles are inexpensive—from a guinea upwards (and on easy terms, if desired)—and if you can detect any difference from more costly rings or jewellery your money will be refunded! Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Ciro, 48, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for free catalogue of exclusive Ciro rings, ear-rings, brooches, watches, regimental badges and other Ciro gems.

GIVE yourself the benefit of iron in a pleasant and effective form. Drink Keystone Burgundy, which is especially rich in iron, because it is made from grapes grown on the iron-bearing soil of Australia. Enjoy appetite-creating Keystone Burgundy with your next meal. All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell it in large flagons, 8s.; half-flagons, 2s. 6d. 3d. extra deposit, returnable on both sizes.

FREE GIFTS in exchange for Distil Coffee Coupons. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for Special Free Gift Book to Distil Manfg. Co. (1931), Ltd., Mocha House, Mint Street, London, S.E.1. All the flavour and bouquet of freshly roasted and ground coffee make Distil vastly different from ordinary bottled coffee. It is sold by all grocers. The cost is most economical.

WIN 5/- DAILY for LIFE
DAILY INCOME for LIFE or £425 LUMP SUM
ONE WEEK ONLY to capture John Bull's GIANT X-WORD PRIZE
£100 CASH
1st RUNNERS-UP
Unlimited SURPRISE AWARDS
FOR 2nd RUNNERS-UP

NOW comes the first of "John Bull's" January Giants—a novel big Crossword Pension Prize taking the unusual form of FIVE SHILLINGS DAILY FOR LIFE!

Think—success would mean for you an extra 35s. every week as long as you live, all for spending an entertaining half-hour with the Clues below. Make the most of this Giant One-Week Opportunity and see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, January 13.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 184th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, January 25. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL, in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN LIFE INCOME!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Great Life Pension Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 31.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Cheap one may sometimes be needed for use on table
4. Square ones certainly look attractive, but are not wanted much nowadays
5. Flow back
7. Party will probably be ruined if all the men do this
10. It doesn't really matter about one being a bit ugly
11. Sometimes allowed to run wild on farm
15. May well have outlook spoiled by mines
16. Purpose
18. Its furniture is made to fit
19. Motorist sometimes has to stop and check this
20. Remain

DOWN CLUES

1. Brake may sometimes be found on one
2. Mimic
3. Rather apt to be tough
6. Spanking one may well be to credit of school
8. Players are naturally annoyed if one or two people do this all the time
9. Youngster often thinks it a huge joke when father goes after him in this
11. May possibly leave rather a nasty taste
12. Often a bit shabby when one looks at it closely
13. Every one helps when cap's passed round for man in trouble
14. Can be taken for exchange
16. Donkey
17. May be ideal for a drive

20 BIG CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD No. 181.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 181, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following twenty competitors:—

Mrs. E. BLACK, 7, East Adam St., Edinburgh; T. BOWEN, Glan-yr-Afon, Ystrad, Loughor, Swansea; J. H. CARMICHAEL, c/o 59, Lancaster St., London, S.E.1; G. COOKE, 22, Bar Terr., Falmouth; C. CRAVEN, 2, Barnhill, Stanley, Co. Durham; L. A. ELLSMOOR, 120, Pimlico Rd., Clitheroe; Mrs. H. G. FIRTH, 57a, Broad St., Worcester; C. HILL, 100, Chapel St., Wath-on-Dearne, Nr. Rotherham; Mrs. A. HOLDEN, Hugeon Croft, Cornholme, Todmorden; W. HUDSON, School Rd., Tilney St. Lawrence, King's Lynn; H. LYDALL, 20, Burrell Drive, Moreton, Wirral, Cheshire; Mrs. A. M. MORGAN, "Jesmondene," Cori! Rd., Gowerton, Glam.; R. L. ORMISTON, 145, Brynhyfryd, Swansea; W. PINK, Woodcote Lane, Peel Common, Fareham, Hants; W. RINTOUL, 10, Ferdale Terr., Carriden, Bo'ness, West Lothian; A. RUSHWORTH, 37, Evening St., Failsworth, Manchester; N. SCOTT, c/o Thompson, 33, Fortieth St., Elgin; Mrs. W. H. STRELLING, 37, Redland Drive, Kirk Ella, E. Yorks; Miss O. WHITTAKER, 8, Elsie St., off Hall St., Moston, Manchester; Mrs. M. WILSON, Charlemont, Co. Tyrone.

These competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £30 will be sent to each.

The 310 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received will share the £100 in Runners-up prizes, resulting in a cash payment of 6s. 6d. each. A list of these runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 2,096 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS—1. CRIB. 2. RISE. 4. ALB. 7. OGRE. 8. HERO. 11. LAMBS. 12. FLAK. 19. STORE. 20. HAM. 21. PIER.
DOWN—1. CRAZE. 2. REBEL. 3. NEED. 5. CROSS. 6. BILL. 9. RAPE. 10. SAT.] 13. HAVE. 14. CURE. 15. LEAD. 16. STOOP. 17. JOB. 18. DAY.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 184, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 184, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., JAN. 13

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, January 13, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 25. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

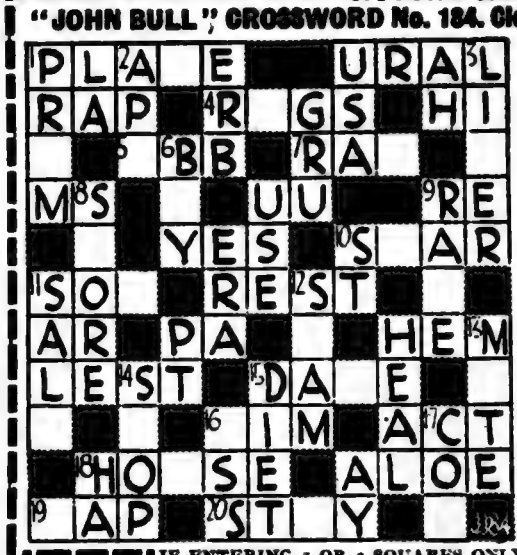
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £425 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

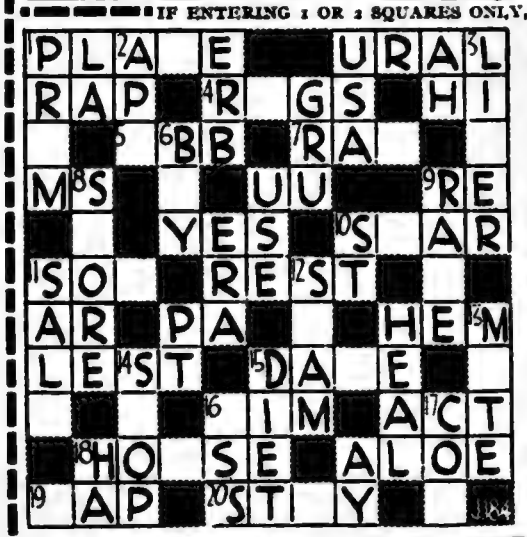
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 184. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, JANUARY 13.



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 2d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

16.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

In trouble? In doubt? Whatever the subject of the matter that worries you, we will take it off your shoulders.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All you need to send with your enquiry is a stamped, addressed envelope.

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE KID By LEES

THE LAST LAUGH!

INSTRUCTOR (Somewhere in England).—"This particular recruit fired six rounds on the range without hitting the target once." What was he in civil life—a racing tipster?

A. J. (Preston).—"Most of us will live to see the end of the steam-propelled train." That's all we often see of it now when we arrive on the platform in the morning.

W. B. (Cranbrook).—"My boy kissed me twice in the black-out and later on denied that he had done so." Perhaps somebody else showed more enterprise than he did!

R. M. (Amersham).—"Mothers find difficulty in making modern children believe fairy stories." Fathers have the same trouble in the case of modern mothers.

T. L. (Crewe).—"German propaganda strikes me as merely verbal fireworks." And damp squibs at that.

R. K. (Alton).—"My fiancée is a driver in the A.T.S., and the last time I saw her she was pretty dirty." We imagine she's much prettier clean.

R. M. (London, E.).—"When there is a thick fog my wife gets a headache and my daughter a sore throat, but what do you think I get?" Lost?

D. B. (Barnet).—"Many people eat more than they think at this time of year." Many people wouldn't have to eat much to eat more than they think.

R. L. (Portland).—"You would have to laugh if you were in my squad of recruits." Good heavens! Do you have to do that by numbers, too?

T. D. (Sale).—"My wife discharged the pretty maid I engaged without giving her a chance." Or giving you a chance?

H. G. (Neath).—"After we had been quarrelling for about ten minutes she suddenly threw her arms round me and kissed me! So I kissed her back." Wasn't that rather out of place?

G. F. (Hornchurch).—"I don't ever remember seeing a man with a turned-up nose." We wouldn't mind betting your wife saw one the last time the breakfast bacon was burnt.

R. F. (Midhurst).—"Don't you think that Christmas crackers should be abolished during the war?" Oh no, now is the time we should all pull together.

HOUSEWIFE (Lewisham).—"I think it is a bit thick only having four ounces of butter per week." You won't hold the same opinion when you come to spread it.

Mrs. K. (Rochester).—"My grocer posted me my sugar last week while I was on holiday in Scotland." And yet some housewives maintain that a pound of the stuff doesn't go far.

C. K. (Southend).—"In a recent variety broadcast the laughter of the studio audience drowned the patter of the comedians." The B.B.C. is doing everything possible to keep the nation entertained.

R. T. (Wembley).—". . . and this friend I'm telling you about is interested in the stock market, but I don't know whether he's a bull or a bear. In any case, he loses money." Then he's neither—he's an ass.

H. Y. (Tredegar).—"When he rang the bell and called my attention to a chink of light showing through a curtain, he stopped for half an hour gossiping about the most unimportant things." Ah, a hot-air warden.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"Hungary has sent large consignments of turkeys to Britain." Dr. Goebbels will probably pass this information on to the German public under the headline, "Hungary Gives Britain the Bird."

SCHOOLMASTER (Cowes).—"As the boy had obviously not read the chapter of history I set for homework, I put him in detention for two hours with most satisfactory results." He learnt his lesson, eh?

PEDESTRIAN (Ashburton). — "There wouldn't be half the road casualties if motorists were compelled to have their names in bold letters on their cars." You don't agree that there is safety in numbers?

W. Y. (Swindon).—"Engagement rings are not greatly valued in America." Nor are wedding rings, apparently.

S. M. (Burnley).—"What on earth do some people leave a nice warm fire and get into a cold bed for?" The night.

R. K. (Baldock).—"Who knows what the New Year has in store for us?" Our barber and the woman next door.

R. K. (Grantham).—"Spending a couple of hours turning over the soil at weekends keeps me fit." We find golf beneficial, too.

R. E. (Loudwater).—"Have a cold bath all the year round and you'll never catch a cold." We must admit we've never heard our goldfish sneeze.

S. M. (Essex).—"As a tax collector, let me say that the average Englishman is a good payer." So he ought to be—look at the practice he gets.

J. K. (Shifnal).—"I know it is a fact that women live longer than men; but why is this so?" Perhaps because paint is a good preservative.

D. M. (Chingford).—"The umbrella I use during the black-out is fitted with an electric torch." Which you switch off, we suppose, when the owner comes in sight?

W. P. (Northampton).—"What do you think my friend's little daughter said when I asked her what she thought of the piece I had just run through on the piano?" That she couldn't play either?

W. B. (Swanage).—"I wonder why a recent photograph showed Goering wearing no medals at all?" Perhaps he had just been visiting a magnetic mine factory.

R. P. (Chatham).—"We don't know what to make of our boy. The young scamp is always poking his nose into other people's business." Make him a lawyer—then he'll get paid for doing it.

P. S. (Clapham).—"The kippers were so bad that I couldn't eat them, so I told the waiter to call the manager." And he couldn't eat them either?

★ SIDE-SLIPS ★

CAMBRIAN NEWS:—"Large tracts are being ravaged by these POSTS. . . ."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"Warm a small fireproof FISH and line it with sardines."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE.—"Mrs. H. W——, president, was in the HAIR."

BRISTOL EVENING POST.—"BATH weather has brought air operations at the front to a virtual standstill. . . ."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—". . . was fined 10s. for permitting a fire to TURN in the open."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—". . . but once seen, the FAT of the invader should be practically sealed."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"In past years CRASS band concerts have been a popular feature in Manchester parks."

STOP AFTER-MEAL MISERY

THE QUICKEST WAY

is to remove the *cause* of the trouble—excess stomach acid. Recent medical research and X-ray experiments proved that 'Bisurated' Magnesia contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach correctives known to medical science.

ECONOMY SIZES 1/3 & 2/6
(POWDER or TABLETS)

SKIN DISEASES Miraculously Cured by HERBAL TREATMENT

Thousands cured during the last 60 years when other treatments have failed. Eczema, Psoriasis and other Skin trouble banished like magic. Write for FREE BOOK and convincing testimony.

J. ROBERTSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, HUSAR HOUSE, BRADFORD.

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually dies down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.6, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

IN UNIFORM WHITE TEETH MAKE THE PICTURE

In the "services" white teeth are an invaluable asset. And to make even the dingiest teeth dazzling white you must use the best and safest whitener money can buy. That does not mean the most expensive. On the contrary, the tooth-paste used by countless thousands is obtainable at 6d., 10½d., and 1/6 a tube. It is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. No other toothpaste contains this wonderful neutraliser of mouth acids which are the chief cause of dingy yellowness, ugly tartar, and decay. See how Phillips' Dental Magnesia will beautify your own teeth! Get a tube to-day. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

TRUST Snowfire Tablet TO SOOTHE AND SOFTEN CHAPPED RED HANDS OVERNIGHT

In making your three-year plan for the Grow-more-food campaign, don't forget to allow for different tastes.

By Richard Sudell

★

Another Garden Campaign

MOST seed catalogues this season give prominence to the plan described in the Ministry of Agriculture's "Grow-more" Bulletin for an allotment based on a three-year system of rotation. It is a useful basis for planning a food garden.

Even so, there is need for personal choice. Tastes vary. Many dislike the flavour of broad beans, others avoid parsnips, and the amount of land available may not be suitable for growing the crops mentioned.

If the kitchen garden is only five rods—that is, ten by fifteen yards—leave out maincrop potatoes and grow early potatoes in half the plot. Follow these with brussels sprouts and winter greens.

On the other half of the plot grow dwarf peas, runner beans, roots, such as carrots, parsnip, beetroot. Grow spinach or salads between the rows of peas.

A special collection of seeds is being offered by all seedsmen for using in the ten-rod plot. Planting has been arranged in detail to avoid waste.

This collection of common vegetables, excluding potatoes and celery, costs 12s. 6d. It will give an average family of five a supply of vegetables for most of the year.

Decide on the seeds you require and order at once. There is a plentiful supply now of all vegetable seeds, but there is no telling whether the demand may not soon exceed the supply.

Buy seed potatoes now. They should be put on end at once to sprout in shallow boxes protected from the frost.

All seeds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

Six special food crops to bear in mind when making out your seed order:—

Dutch Brown Bean.—Beans dried and used like haricots in winter.

Climbing French Bean.—Bonne Bouche. Stringless.

Early Pea.—Kelvedon Champion. Heavy cropper.

Broad Bean.—Hatfield Wonder. Very long pods.

Cabbage.—Velocity. Ready for cutting in twelve weeks.

Pea.—Paramount Sugar. Edible podded.

Among the first to be sown where a little heat is available are onions, which are likely to be scarce, and cauliflowers for planting out later.

A hot bed or cold frame can be used for French breakfast radish, early cabbage, lettuce, cabbage, and cauliflowers.

Most vegetable seeds are sown where they are to mature, and only a few of the early crops need to be sown under glass to get them ready for planting out in warmer weather.

Race with "Silver Ring"

LEOPARDSTOWN LURE

SOME bookmakers are making ante-post books on the Red Cross Handicap 'Chase of £3,000, which is to be run over four miles at Leopardstown on January 20, and as a big proportion of the entries are potential candidates for our Grand National, backers are welcoming the opportunity to wager when there is little else to engage their attention.

The Leopardstown course is ideal for the brilliant park performer who has pace and stamina, but who perhaps lacks the essential steadiness of a Liverpool National winner. In this category Royal Danieli and Airgead Sios take very high rank, and the former is hot favourite for the "Red Cross."

From all accounts Mr. McNally's horse is in grand trim, and all Irish judges are agreed that he will "lick the head off" Workman at 7 lb. There may be a different tale to tell if the pair clash again later at Aintree, but so far as Leopardstown is concerned, Workman is not considered to be on the map. A much stronger fancy is the same owner's Sterling Duke, who is thought to be well handicapped.

Royal Danieli will not have matters all his own way, however, if present intentions are adhered to, and we send across Airgead Sios and Kilstar, among others.

Main objective of Kilstar is the Liverpool Grand National, for which he finished third last March, but he will be in pretty good shape on January 20, and will represent Miss Dorothy Paget in preference to the smart Roman Hackle.

But in my view our brightest prospect against Royal Danieli is Sir Francis Towle's Airgead Sios.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 4, to Wednesday, January 10.

U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P

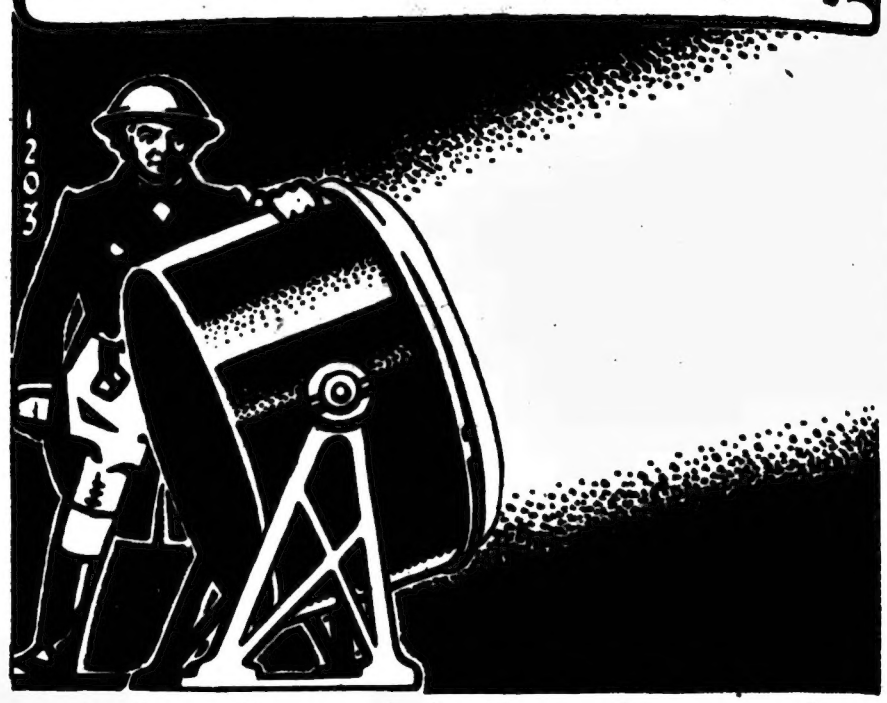
Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96S93 would read LATOI.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN "John Bull's" BIGGEST "Bullets" War-time PRIZE!



Join Our 34 Pensioners!

EVERY Saturday morning, without fail, 34 JOHN BULL readers receive a Pension Cheque from Long Acre, captured for a *Bullet* in a past contest. In these difficult days they appreciate their Life Incomes as never before.

Now, by simply entering two, three or four well-chosen words on a coupon from these pages, YOU can join the happy family of *Bullets* Pensioners. Yes, the untold blessings of a weekly £2 Pension Cheque can be yours every Saturday as long as you live, if you will but grasp the giant Pension opportunity with which JOHN BULL celebrates the New Year!

Whether or not you have already tried your hand at *Bullets*, you cannot leave this startling New Year Pension Prize for somebody else to win. Guided by the clear instructions on opposite page, get busy on your *Bullets*. And notice that, huge though this opportunity is, it is within your reach for this one week only!

Begin now and see that your *Bullets* are posted on or before Saturday, January 13.

Who'll be No. 35?

Here you see Mr. R. Lockey, Gas Works, Morpeth, who regularly receives his *Bullets* Pension each Saturday.

He is only one of the 34 happy "Bulleteers" who are drawing a weekly income for life, thanks to *Bullets*. You can be next!

COUPONS ON NEXT PAGE ☞

"BULLETS" No. 1,200 RESULT

First Prize, £200 plus Radio:
H. F. ELLIS, 9, Prior's Walk, Borobridge Road, York.
Example: WAR DEMANDS
Bullet: CAT'S EYES—DOG'S TEETH.

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Blankets:
G. J. WILLIAMS, 88, Park Avenue, Purbrook, Hants.
Example: Loyal Ally
Bullet: Bosch? Bolshie? Bosh!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Cutlery Canteen:
Mrs. E. NEALE, 212, Greenmoor Road, Nuneaton.
Example: Family Cares
Bullet: Abound, But A Bond.

OTHER PRIZES:

£5 plus Hamper:
J. DODDS, 46, Dudley Avenue, Edinburgh.
War Demands — Stout "Hearts" — And "Spades."

£4 plus Tea Set:
A. J. DOWNING, 164, Longcroft Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
False Friends — "Butter" — True, Share "Crust."

£3 plus Library:
B. LEWIS, Culver View, Alverstone, Sandown, I.o.W.
False Friends—Feign Well—Fail When—

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. each plus Luxury Case:
Mrs. F. BRENNAN, 1, Belvoir Terrace, Trumpington Road, Cambridge.
Family Terrors—Given Heads, Give Headaches!

J. CAIRNDUFF, 2, Overtown Road, Newmains, nr. Wishaw.
Problem For Tommy—Afterwards, Penetrating *Industrial* "Front."

Mrs. C. EVANS, 1, Stroud Gate, S. Harrow.
Now Dad's A Fireman—Ready if Hitler "Jumps."

W. C. FAIR, c/o Buckhurst Lodge, Best Beech Hill, Wadhurst, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Now Dad's A Fireman—Daughter's "Flame" Dreads Hatchet!

G. E. GOODBODY, 10, Grand Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea.
Now Dad's A Fireman—*His* "Nozzle" Shines Bright.

V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
False Friends—Often, Yet Welcome—Hopes.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

L. J. McMANUS, "Highfield," Uxbridge Road, Hayes End, Middlesex.
War Demands—Guns—Shells—And Darts!

G. STEPHENSON, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley, Yorks.
Treat For Fritz—Nobody Shouting—Nobody "Listening."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

H. TOMS, "Vade Mecum," Mucklow Hill, Halesowen, Birmingham.
Our Charlady—Until Glamour Hooked Dustman!

D. T. WILKINS, 61, Upper Bristol Road, Weston-super-Mare.
What Khaki Can Do—"With Your Permission, Henry ——"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 25 winners of 10s. plus Fountain Pen and 100 winners of Surprise Awards plus Extra Gift can be seen at these offices.

PENSION 1ST PRIZE MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

WINNERS JOY WIRE FRI. JAN. 26

OVER £100 IN OTHER PRIZES

£500 CASH IF YOU PREFER LUMP SUM 1ST PRIZE

£30 £15 £10 £5 £4 £3 10 of £2 10

25 of £1 200 Surprise Awards each value 5/- 2,000 OTHER AWARDS

HOW TO WIN YOUR LIFE PENSION

YOU can make up half-a-dozen *Bullets* in the next half-hour—and any of them may well bring you this week's fine £2 Weekly Life Pension First Prize!

Remember that a *Bullet* consists of any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, based upon any of the *Examples* given below, or on an *Example* completed by yourself as directed.

To show you just some of hundreds of ways to win, here are three of many past *Bullets* which won Pension Prizes:

EPITAPH I'D LIKE—"MISSED GREATNESS—GREATLY MISSED."
EVERY MOTHER'S SON—DIFFERS, BUT CHANCE SHOULDN'T.
NOW DAD'S THE MAYOR—CLARET UPSETS HIS CLARITY.

Any of these *Bullets* could just as easily have been made by *you*, so why should not *you* be the reader to receive JOHN BULL'S Pension Joy Wire on Friday, January 26? Go ahead with your *Bullets* and win security for life!

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

ORLD WE LIVE IN
ROPE'S GANGSTERS
ROUGH BRITISH EYES
RT AND GAMELIN
ME'S ON OUR SIDE, BUT
TTLE FINLAND
OUNTAINS OF WORK
RPEDOED
VING IN HARMONY
BEER'S RATIONED
ITICAL MOMENT
USINESS AS USUAL"
ERMAN HOUSEWIFE
UARE MEAL
ESERVES A MEDAL
PRING
HAT DAD WANTS
BEAT THE BOMBERS
'S LEAP YEAR, SO
SULT TO THE DEAD

ix "Examples" below are for completion with ONE additional word of your choice in the dition indicated by dotted line. Thus you will it easy to discover attractive and differ- "Examples" on which to build your ullets" as instructed.

ACK .....
GERMANY'S .....
..... FOR WHITEHALL
HTING FOR .....
UND THE .....
NT BE .....

"BULLETS" RESULT on opposite page

READ THESE RULES

1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 28, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-ENTER STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED JAN. 27, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

16

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,203 — I agree to enter in accordance with rules. — Closing postmark, SAT., JAN. 13.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE — For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

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SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,203 or X-word No. 184 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,203, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY Closing postmark **SATURDAY, JAN. 13**

ONE WEEK ONLY CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JAN. 13

For the BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES and HEART

It Acts Like Magic!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say!

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto'."

"My piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto', my leg is now completely cured."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to 'Elasto'."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded.: the results are magic."

"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO'—the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill in This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

'ELASTO' (DEPT. 15.E), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

'Elasto' is sold by Chemists Everywhere

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of 'Elasto' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of 'Elasto'," fully explaining how 'Elasto,' The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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J.B. No. 6140.

(Issued by the New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.)

'Elasto' will save you pounds!

F.29 J.B.L. 105 92*

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